

The Sketch

[No connection whatsoever with the "Daily Sketch."]



YEARS AGO people journeyed hundreds of miles to drink Malvern Water, *because* they knew of its curing and health-giving properties. TO-DAY you may have the GENUINE Malvern Water delivered to your door, bottled by Messrs. W. & J. BURROW, Ltd., at the famous St. Ann's Well, Malvern.

BURROW'S MALVERN WATER

"STILL" and "SPARKLING."

For Xmas and New Year Festivities.

Do not miss this opportunity of securing real, PURE, genuine Malvern Water. Order Sparkling Malvern—"Molly"—it is an ideal water for mixing with Wines and Spirits. Ask for BURROW'S MALVERN WATERS: accept no other.

All enquiries to W. & J. BURROW, LTD., 26, London Street, Paddington, London, W.2. (Telephone: 1810 Paddington.) Distributing Centres:—London, Brighton, Birmingham, Liverpool, Newcastle, Southampton, Leeds, etc.

CINZANO VERMOUTH TURIN

Not too sweet Not too Dry

F.J. ANDERSON & CO., WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR U.K. 13 COOPERS ROW, LONDON, E.C.3

Something quite new in fine flannels.

You ought to know how good it is; the free pattern booklet will show you.

May we send it?

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd.,
Spinners and Manufacturers.

Hollins
DAY & NIGHT WEAR
Ramada
PURE WOOL
Flannel

A dainty fabric, yet so woven as to be very durable. A softer finish than anything yet attained. The neat stripes are woven in. It is guaranteed unshrinkable.

24, 25 & 26, Newgate St.,
London E.C.1

Established
1769

GORDON'S
"LONDON DRY GIN."

Awarded Diploma for Grand Prize, Japan-British Exhibition, 1910, and San Francisco, 1915

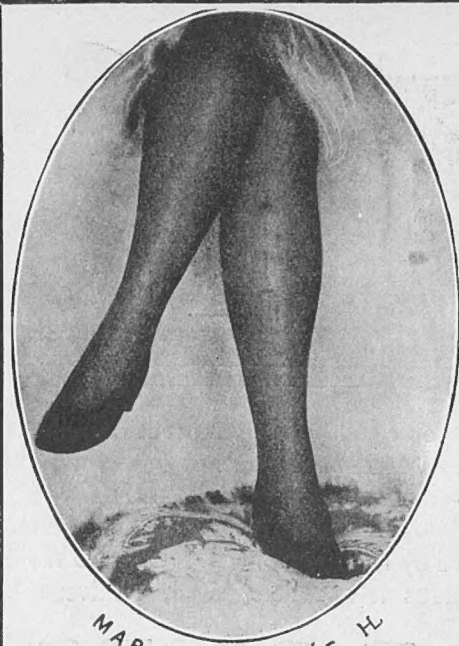
GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD.
THE DISTILLERY: LONDON, ENGLAND.

Established
1769

Kunzle

HIGH-GRADE
CHOCOLATES
MADE IN BIRMINGHAM.

PATENT CREAMS. Regd. 19215



MARQUE DÉPOSÉE H.

recommended for afternoon wear, walking, tennis and golf.

22/6 Per Pair.

Pure Cévennes Silk Stockings in black or white, finely woven, and with open or embroidered clox.

22/6 Per Pair.

Rich pure Silk Stockings, in either black or white, of which pattern is similar to a very fine herring-bone.

These are especially

To receive a Sample Pair, send cheque to

S. LEFEBURE

5, FBG. ST. HONORÉ, PARIS VIII^e

We have also a large stock of Underwear, comprising Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, special Knickers for Riding, etc.

Catalogue will be forwarded on receipt of 3d.

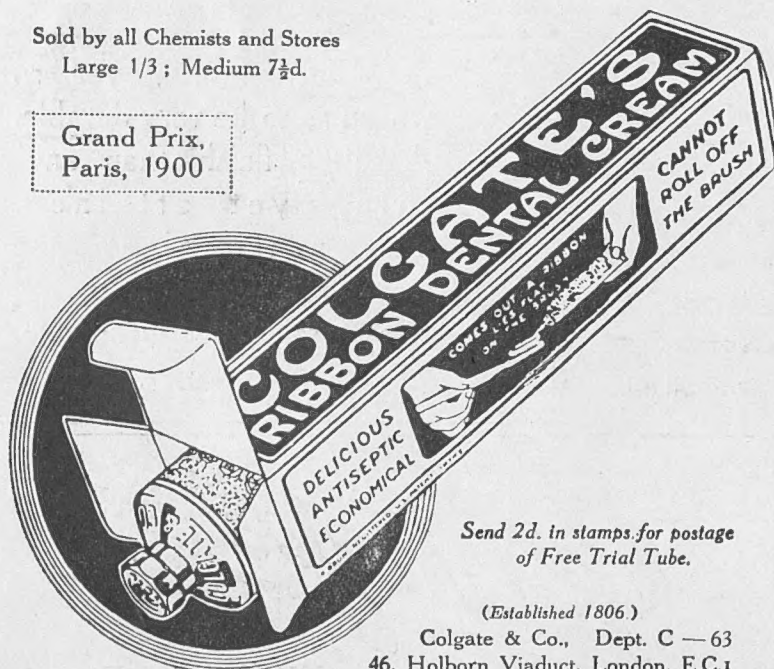
Start each day

with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—safe, sure, and delicious. Brush at bedtime, too.

Colgate's is recommended by more Dentists than any other dentifrice.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores
Large 1/3; Medium 7½d.

Grand Prix,
Paris, 1900



Send 2d. in stamps for postage
of Free Trial Tube.

(Established 1806.)

Colgate & Co., Dept. C — 63
46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

Cupid's touch

The **William's**
Evam **Henna Shampoo**

BRIGHTENS
and
BEAUTIFIES

used by **PRETTY WOMEN**
all over the **WORLD**.

Followed by the **Chaventré** method of
PERMANENT WAVING—the result gives
unique charm and distinction.

Chaventré 289, Oxford St.
W.1.



Has your weatherproof ever come back "white" looking after cleaning?

—with an obviously "cleaned" look about it. In this condition it soils and gets dirty quicker than ever. But with the unique Franco-Barbe process, which cleans first, then re-tints to the original fawn shade and finally reproofs—the weatherproof is restored in appearance and colour as when new—with not the slightest "Just been cleaned" look.

Send it now to Castlebank while you are wearing your heavy coat.

Typical Charges	{	Ladies' Weatherproofs—Cleaned,	
		Re-tinted and Re-proofed - - -	8/6
		Gentlemen's Weatherproofs—Cleaned	
		Re-tinted and Re-proofed - - -	9/6

Goods returned boxed and post paid.

Alex. Kennedy & Sons, Ltd.

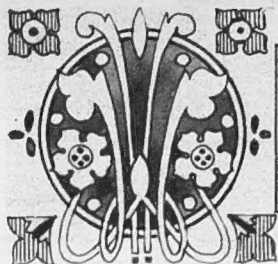
Post your Weatherproof to-day for this inimitable Franco-Barbe treatment to Dept. S.W., Castlebank Dyeworks, Anniesland, Glasgow, and ask for the interesting magazine price list, Fleur-de-Lys, free and post free.

Castlebank
ANNIESLAND DYEWORKS
GLASGOW



R.M.S.P.
NEW YORK
SERVICE
By the "O" Steamers

THE ROYAL MAIL
STEAM PACKET CO.
18, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.2



THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1508—Vol. CXVI.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



A DANSE GREQUE IN A BENDA MASK: A GREENWICH FOLLY GIRL.

This fascinating photograph shows how one of Mr. W. T. Benda's latest masks can be used to accentuate the effect of costume. Miss Virginia Bell, of the Greenwich Village Follies, posed for this photo-

graph of a Danse Greque, but the mask which she wears has not yet been seen on the stage. It is a very charming example of the Polish designer's stage artistry.—[*Photograph by Maurice Goldberg.*]



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

An Impression of Leeds.

I came to Leeds from Bristol. A more interesting contrast it would be difficult to find. Bristol is all open spaces, and picturesque hills, and quaint streets, and sunlight, and verdure, and, above all, laughter. Leeds is inhabited by a different race of beings. You might easily imagine yourself, if you hail from the south, in a foreign country. By descent, as it happens, I am a Yorkshireman, but I have dwelt so long in the south that I have considerable difficulty in making myself understood in Leeds.

Leeds is dedicated to the business of making money. There is no false shame about Leeds. The factories are not tucked away out of sight. From the window of my bed-room in the principal hotel I have a magnificent view of the roof of the railway-station, with a hundred huge chimneys to right and left of it. I asked the lift-attendant—the lift here is not a rapid one, so there is plenty of time for conversation—what they did in Leeds. "Work," was the answer. "But where can one go, in the day-time, for a little pleasure?" "Well, there's the cemetery," replied the lift-attendant.

I have not invented that story for the purpose of amusing you, friend the reader. It is true. And it gives you a good general notion of Leeds as a pleasure resort.

Why They Don't Laugh.

I have said that Bristol is a city of laughter. By this I mean that the Bristolian, when he is amused, laughs. The Leedsite—if that is the right term—does not laugh. But you must not suppose, on that account, that he is not amused.

I happened to be watching three very clever comedian-acrobats. They were dressed to look as funny as possible. They wore baggy trousers, which always make for mirth, and tiny hats, and lines across their faces, and all that sort of thing.

They were never still an instant. They swung from bars and kicked each other on the nose. They sat down suddenly on a collapsible staircase and slid rapidly to the stage. In short, they did all the things that invariably cause roars of laughter.

But the Leeds audience did not laugh. They were very attentive, quite interested, but they did not laugh.

"This turn," I said to an expert gentleman standing near me, "is going with a scream."

"Ay," he agreed; "it's a good comedy turn."

And he meant it. I had spoken sarcastically, but he was in earnest—Leedsian earnest. He knew, by some instinctive psychology of his own, that the audience was enjoying the turn, although it did not laugh. And he was right. The applause was tremendous.

Leeds in the Dumps.

But it is not fair to judge Leeds by the Leeds of the present day. During the war, I imagine, Leeds was very gay—not laughing, of course—but quite gay at the pit of the stomach, which, after all, has been called the seat of reason.

After the war came the slump, and the good people of Leeds were no longer gay, even invisibly. On every hand they will tell you: "There's no money in the city." One gentleman went so far as to assure me that even the millionaires were bankrupt.

You can discover evidences of this slump without travelling beyond the centre of the city. You will have no difficulty in crossing the streets, for example, even at the busiest hour of the day, for there is very little traffic. The trams go to and fro—as a witty lady of distinction put it to me, "bounding over the cobbles"—but that is practically all the traffic you get to-day in Leeds.

I went into a great bank with my letter of credit. The Birmingham branch of this bank was crowded; so was the Bristol branch. The

Leeds branch was empty. One small clerk transacted all the business at the counter with ease. The other officials were grouped together at the back of the office, chatting like Army officers.

It is a little sad. Well, if you like, dismal.

A Trip to the Cemetery.

The hall-porter confirmed the information given me by the lift-attendant. The best place to go for a little fresh air and an afternoon's pleasure was the cemetery. In fact, the hall-porter waxed enthusiastic about the cemetery. You could reach it in twenty-five minutes. You simply joined the crowd of people standing in the middle of the road opposite the hotel—by the way, it was early-closing day, and many Leedsites were on pleasure bent—and the tram would take you

right to the cemetery. The hall-porter particularly commended my attention to a certain tomb. Everybody in Leeds had been to see this tomb. He had been himself. It was erected by a wealthy gentleman of Leeds to the memory of his wife. All the world admired the magnificence and unique quality of the tomb, which was a full-sized replica of the porch of the gentleman's house, with the departed lady, wrought out of marble, standing in the doorway.

I went with the crowd to see it. We all trooped to the cemetery. We were an orderly but happy crowd in the cemetery. We took the air, and read the epitaphs, and generally enjoyed ourselves in a manner befitting residents of Leeds. Then back to the city in the tram that bounded over the cobbles.

I admire the good people of Leeds. They have stout hearts, which are more than coronets.



THE O'BRIEN-THESIGER WEDDING: THE BRIDE; BRIDEGROOM; BEST MAN; BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGE.

The marriage of the Hon. Donough Edward Foster O'Brien, eldest son of Lord and Lady Inchiquin, of Dromoland, Co. Clare, and the Hon. Anne Thesiger, second daughter of Lord and Lady Chelmsford, took place at St. Peter's, Eton Square. The bridesmaids were the Hon. Margaret Thesiger, the Hon. Beryl, the Hon. Griselda, and the Hon. Helga O'Brien; Miss Joan Foster, and Miss Joan Hoare. The Earl of Mulgrave carried the train, and Captain Massy Beresford was best man.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

HURRY UP! HURRY UP! HURRY UP!

"The Sketch" £100 Competition is entering on its last few days. Do not waste more time: enter at once. See page 11.

To Marry Into a Great Franco-Belgian Family.



ENGAGED TO COUNT DE CARAMAN CHIMAY : MISS BRENDA HAMILTON.

Miss Brenda Hamilton is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Ernest Hamilton, and grand-daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn. She is shortly to be married to Count de Caraman Chimay, late Scots Guards, son of the Prince and Princess A. de Chimay. The bride-

groom-elect comes of one of the greatest Franco-Belgian families, and was born at Chimay in 1899. Miss Hamilton is a very charming girl, most popular in Society. It will be remembered that her sister, Jean, married Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine's son this year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

"The Jottings of Jane ;

Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

LONDON still—and mystery everywhere—the seasonable mystery of strange parcels smuggled into dark corners, parcels that somehow take hold of your heart long before the day and do their duty. But "duty" is a cold word. And there is nothing cold about the whispered consultations in the nursery and on the stairs.

It is children's week, and even if you have not been to Lady Evelyn Guinness's delightful children's party you are a child your-

breathless in anticipation of the boys—Eton boys—who were coming. And she was too overcome by the glory of her own new frock. And everyone knew Lady Evelyn was beautiful, and all beautiful people do beautiful things beautifully. It was bound to be a success.

For the mere grown-ups, perhaps, one ought to mention that Lady Evelyn Guinness is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Walter Guinness, D.S.O., who used to be D.Y.O. Loyal Suffolk Hussars. He is the Unionist Member of Parliament for Bury St. Edmunds; but what will interest the children much more, he rowed for three years in the Eton Eight, and was Captain of the Boats—a truly immortal "wet-bob."

Lady Evelyn is the daughter of the thirteenth Earl of Buchan, and entertains very charmingly at her house in Grosvenor Place, as well as at Knockmaroon, Castleknock, County, Dublin, and at the Manor House, Bury St. Edmunds. Both she and her husband (who is, of course, a son of Lord Iveagh) are Cowes enthusiasts, and he is a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Perhaps, of all houses to spend Christmas in, The Priory at Reigate conjures up the most perfect visions of the ideal setting.

One envies Lord and Lady Beatty the blessed feeling of returning to such a home (after a hurried visit to America) just in time to see the mistletoe and holly-berries against the dark old panelling. It is an early Tudor house, filled with beautiful old furniture and bright curtains and open fire-places and mullioned windows opening on to the old-fashioned formal gardens that inspired Shakespeare—gardens of yew and cedar, herb-gardens and roseries, the kind of gardens that made Browning write less metaphysically and more passionately of the beauty of the world.



1. Here are Angela and the Darling Dogs, suitably masked, just starting forth to sing carols and collect for the Dogs' Home. Algy is so sorry he cannot come, but, alas! he has a most important business engagement.

self (till after New Year's Day!). You have heard the same old mystic chimes that made real childhood certain of immortality. There are dirty little faces pressed against glorious shop windows that somehow remind you of the aspirations of your own baby soul.

When you were big you were going to do such wonderful things. The candles, and the tinsel, and the silver fairy were quite drab by comparison. And Christmases came and went, and the glitter of the windows grew less fascinating as you grew older, but the gleam of the Christmas star in the fairy's wand grew greater and ever more glorious. And even now, though you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you worship that star. Without it no Christmas would have been the same. You hate analysing, but it was because it was out of reach. No one ever touched the top of the tree and caught it for you. You knew from the beginning that only yourself could do that. It would take years—a lifetime, perhaps—but even as a little tot you were certain you *would* reach it some day.

But all the year through, from January to June, from July on to Christmas Eve, you forget the fairy star. It is only when the children whisper again, and the holly is brought in, that you remember. And you are ashamed. And because you are ashamed you open all the avenues of your heart and try to heal it with love. You love till your love shows you only the loveliness of all the world. So of course Christmas is beautiful. And none of the things you wrap in tissue-paper and ribbon are worthy of the symbols they stand for. And none of the thoughts that lurk behind miss fire; and for once, heart, soul and mind, you soar to the mountain-tops, and make-believe becomes what it used to be, and men and women seem what all men and women truly are.

All of which has taken you very far from Lady Evelyn Guinness's Christmas party. . . . But not even the vocabulary of the biggest little girl could suffice to say all there was to say. She was too



2. Angela carols gaily with varying success. Mr. Bernard Barnard, faring forth to dinner, is delighted to meet a fair unknown upon his doorstep, and most kindly invites her, in the courtly manner of the olden days, to come in for a little refreshment.

There will never be houses like that in America. Even the ghost is there—a happy ghost that somehow makes you cuddle up in bed and dream delicious long dreams. One can imagine Lord Beatty really resting on his laurels comfortably. The Priory used to belong to Captain Henry Somerset (a son of Lord Henry Somerset) who married Lady Katherine de Vere Beauclerk, a daughter of the fourth Duke of St. Albans. But the marriage was dissolved last year.

By far the most Christmassy-looking face I met this week was the face of Mr. Arthur Humphreys at Hatchard's. He was, for the moment, busy talking to Prince Albert, who had dropped in for his Christmas books. I couldn't help marvelling at his Royal Highness's discrimination and judgment. Not only did he know all about the new books, but



3. Meanwhile, Algy's business progresses excellently. He does think Mrs. Bernard Barnard is a darling.

he ordered with such alacrity and obvious evidence of forethought, without once looking at a note, that I was convinced that he must be a real book-lover.

And to return to the jolly face of Mr. Humphreys, I always want to place a sprig of holly behind one of his ears. He is so exactly in keeping with the spirit of things in his old book-lined gallery. And Lady Headfort, just outside the Ritz, was also very Christmassy one day at lunch-time, in her red-velvet hat; but she has gone back to County Meath for Christmas with Lord Headfort and her second son and her little daughter. Lord Bective, the eldest son, has gone to California, I hear, or is about to go, and the younger son is going to Berlin as an honorary attaché to our Embassy there.

The ex-King and Queen of Portugal were lunching at the Ritz several times this week at their favourite corner table; and it was a delightful dance given at Lady Alington's house by her daughter, Miss Lois Sturt, and her great friend Mrs. Burton, who has been here on a visit from Paris.

Most people were also going to a house-warming dance at Lord and Lady Campden's new house in Pont Street on the 19th, for which there were numerous dinner-parties being arranged. Lord Campden is the eldest son of Lord Gainsborough, and is a J.P. for the County of Rutland, where he resides at Exton Park, Oakham. It was Lord Campden who organised with Dr. Harriss the Imperial concert of 10,000 voices in Hyde Park on Empire Day in 1919, and he accompanied Dr. Harriss's musical festival throughout the British Empire a few years earlier—so the music at their dance was bound to be perfect.

Mme. de Martino has, I believe, been the moving spirit in the concert at the Albert Hall on the 18th—the Tetrizzini Concert. The Italian Ambassadors was ably assisted by the Princess of Monaco, another great musical enthusiast; and Lady Curzon of Kedleston, Lady Cadogan, Lady Rodd, and Lady Cunard were others who worked hard to sell boxes and stalls for it; and, of course, the Marcheza Faa di Bruno and Mme. Consolo. If it were not for the diplomatic world, Lady Cunard, and the children, indeed, the winter season would be cheerless, as there is very little going on in London now.

It is not worth while opening the big houses for so short a session, and most people who have come up to shop and attend the Opening of Parliament are either living in hotels or in two or three rooms. Even the clubs are pretty desolate, and it is hard to make up bridge tables; while the dance clubs are growing more and more deserted by the social world since the thaw set in and hunting became possible again.

However, Lord Birkenhead was one of the roaring lions Lady Cunard entertained at dinner the other night—one of her really interesting parties that included Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston,

Lord Crewe, the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val, Lady Maidstone (who has made her friends miserable by dressing her hair in quite a new way—for years she has kept to the beautiful classic simplicity of a Raphael Madonna, and everyone says she has no right to rob London of the only perfect picture of that school), Baroness de Forest, Mrs. Rupert Beckett, and about twenty others.

Quite the most beautiful ceremonial left to our democratic generation is the Opening of Parliament.

From the Princes' Gallery the peers and peeresses with a few privileged lady guests disperse, the peers wearing their crimson robes, to their places in the centre of the House of Lords (where the benches are turned to face the throne); the Diplomatic Corps (marshalled by Mr. Monck in masses of gold lace) to the right of the Throne, the Spanish Ambassador as *doyen* in the first place. Opposite, in the first row, the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps; immediately behind, the duchesses; in the third row, the marchionesses; and in a direct line, but further from the Throne, the countesses, etc.

In the Peeresses' Gallery I discovered Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, very charming in white, wearing a diamond tiara; among the duchesses, the Duchess of Sutherland, very beautiful in a black sequin gown, wearing all her medals and orders; the Duchesses of Somerset, Devonshire, Rutland, and the Duchess of Roxburghe, who looked very well in grey brocade with her wonderful sapphire tiara.

Lady Tweeddale, Lady Bute, Lady Camden and Lady Curzon of Kedleston (who looked beautiful), Lady Ancaster and Lady Lytton, two of the loveliest Countesses, the former keeping on a most becoming red-velvet cloak until the King and Queen arrived.

And I saw Lady D'Abernon in very becoming black, and Mrs. Asquith and Lady Rocksavage in the Gallery, where were also Mrs. Winston Churchill, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker, Cora Lady Stafford, and Lady Lister-Kaye, before the House, following the tradition of centuries, was plunged into obscurity. A simple soul near me thought it was the Government's idea of impressing the world with its spirit of economy. But soon she appreciated the dramatic reason.

Suddenly the full splendour of electric light shone on the great officers of State and others who had assembled at the Royal entrance to receive their Majesties. Very slowly they came. . . . Blue-mantle Pursuivant, Rouge Croix Pursuivant, Windsor Herald, Richmond Herald, Chester Herald, York Herald. . . . I caught my breath. . . . It was all so exactly like a child's dreams of the doings of royalty. . . . Norroy King of Arms, Clarenceux King of Arms,



4. But it was a pity he brought her home so early.

the Lord Privy Seal, the Lord High Chancellor, Black Rod, Garter King of Arms, the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Lord Great Chamberlain, and finally the Sword of State, carried by Lord Crawford and Balcarres (who took Lord Curzon of Kedleston's place, as he was indisposed), the Cap of Maintenance, borne by Lord Lytton, and the King's Most Excellent Majesty, holding the hand of her Majesty the Queen.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

THE STATE OPENING OF THE IRISH SESSION: PEERS,



LEAVING THE HOUSE OF LORDS: MARY MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY, AND THE PERSIAN MINISTER.



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN AND HIS WIFE: LORD AND LADY D'ABERNON.



MARY MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY; MR. HARVEY, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR; AND MRS. ASQUITH.



LEAVING THE HOUSE OF LORDS: THE LIBERIAN MINISTER AND MME. CROMMELIN.

The historic opening of Parliament for the discussion of the Irish agreement took place on Dec. 14, and the Peerage and the Diplomatic Corps gathered in full force to Westminster for the ceremony. Our photographs show some of the distinguished people who assembled at the House of Lords to hear the King's Speech at noon. Mary, Marchioness of Queensberry is the widow of the ninth Marquess. Lord d'Abernon has been the British Ambassador to Germany since 1920. He is the seventh son of Sir Frederick Vincent, eleventh Baronet, and was raised

PEERESSES, AND DIPLOMATS AT WESTMINSTER.



THE LORD PRIVY SEAL AND HIS WIFE: MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN.



THE SIAMESE MINISTER, WITH HIS WIFE: M. AND MRS. PHVA BURI NAVARASTH.



WITH MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN: LADY WORTHINGTON EVANS (LEFT).



TWO OF THE PAGES-OF-HONOUR: THE EARL OF ERNE AND GEORGE BRYAN GODFREY-FAUSSETT.

to the Peerage in 1914. He married Lady Helen Vincent, daughter of the first Earl of Feversham. Lady Worthington Evans is the wife of Sir Lamington Worthington Evans, the Secretary of State for War. The Earl of Erne is the fifth holder of the title. He was born in 1907, and appointed one of his Majesty's Pages-of-Honour this year. Our photographs of these distinguished people in their robes give some idea of the almost mediæval splendour of the ceremony of the Opening of Parliament.—[Photographs by T.P.A., L.N.A., and S. and G.]

Weddings of the Week and a Royal Bride-To-Be.



MARRIED AT ST. MARK'S, NORTH AUDLEY STREET: MAJOR GEORGE HILL AND MISS PATRICIA TUFTON.



ONE OF THE FAMOUS GOLFING SISTERS MARRIED: MR. ROBERT MACGREGOR MILLAR AND HIS BRIDE, MISS MAY LEITCH.



MARRIED AT SUTTON-VENEY CHURCH: CAPTAIN W. P. BROWNE, M.F.H., AND MISS MICHENDA HOARE.



INCLUDING A BRIDE-TO-BE: FOUR BRIDESMAIDS AT THE DUGDALE-CHAMBERLAIN WEDDING.

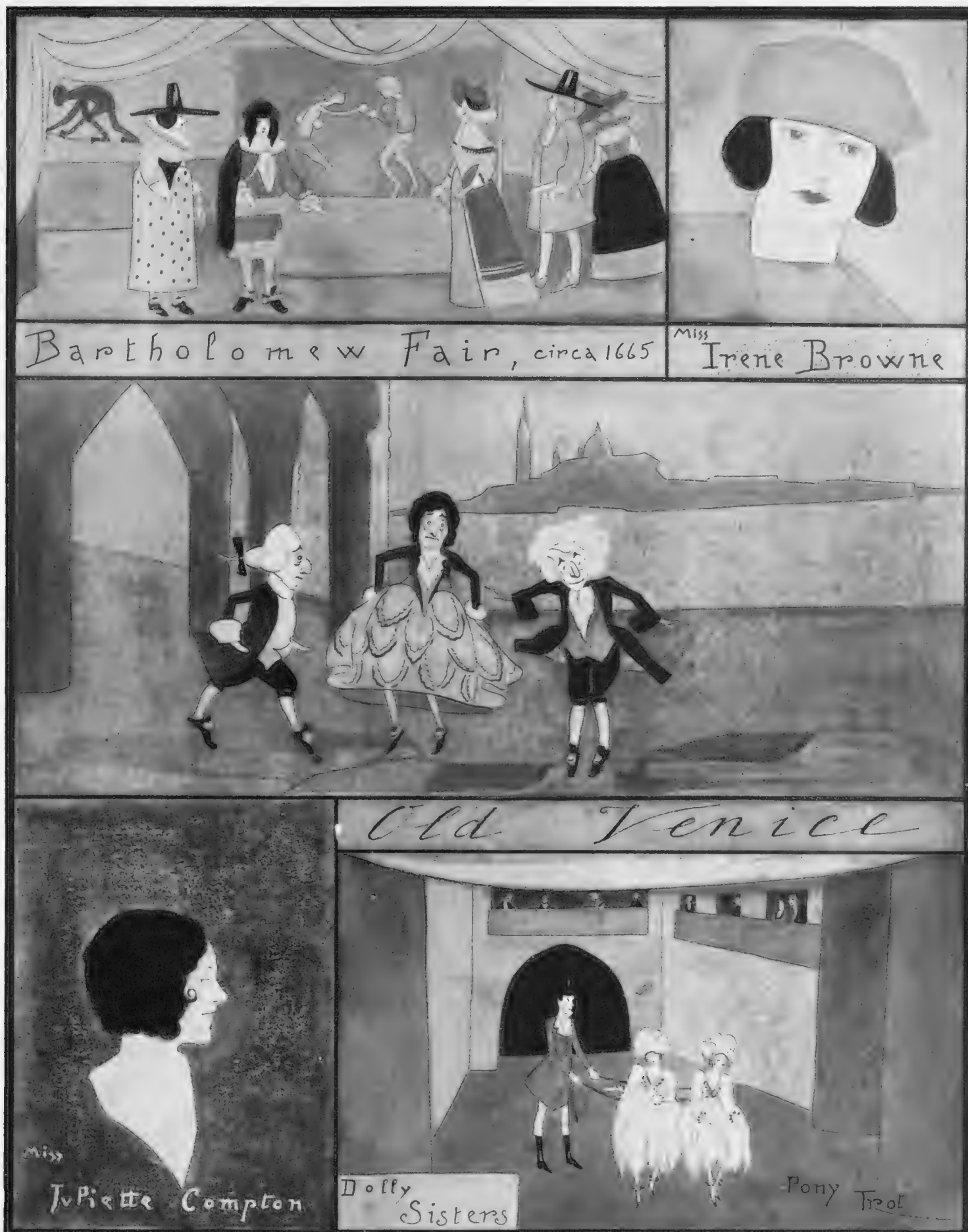
Major George Chenevix Hill, King's African Rifles, is the son of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Hill. Miss Patricia Tufton is the daughter of Major the Hon. John Tufton and Lady Ierne Tufton. Miss Anne Tufton and Miss Susan Paterson attended the bride.—The marriage of Miss May Susan Leitch to Mr. Robert Macgregor Millar, M.C., took place at St. George's, Hanover Square. Miss Cecil Leitch, the Lady Golf Champion, and Miss Helen Millar were bridesmaids.—The marriage of Captain W. P. Browne, Master of Lord Portman's Hounds, and Miss Michenda Hoare, took place



OFF TO HAREWOOD HOUSE, LEEDS: THE QUEEN, PRINCESS MARY, AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES AT KING'S CROSS.

at Sutton-Veney Church.—The marriage of Miss Ursula Chamberlain, daughter of Sir Henry Chamberlain, and Mr. Basil James Dugdale, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridesmaids were Miss Brenda Hamilton, who is engaged to Count de Caraman Chimay; Miss Pamela Peel; Miss Betty Eliot; Miss Elizabeth Inglis-Jones; Miss Lorna Baldwin; and Miss Elita de Bittencourt.—The Queen and Princess Mary went to Harewood House, Leeds, the residence of Princess Mary's future father-in-law, last week.—[Photographs by T.P.A., Alfieri, L.N.A., I.B., and S. and G.]

A Belgian Artist at the London Pav.

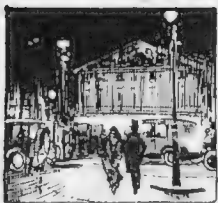


AS DE BOSSCHÈRE SEES IT: "THE FUN OF THE 'FAYRE.'"

The rich kaleidoscope of "The Fun of the Fayre" at the London Pavilion made a strong appeal to Chevalier Jean de Bosschère. The quaint seventeenth-century "St. Bartholomew Fair," which opens the entertainment, is shown, while both the beauty and grotesque feeling of the "Legend of Old

Venice" attracted the distinguished Belgian. He also illustrates Miss Irene Browne in the little cap she wears in "Live and Let Live," and pictures the Dolly Sisters in their "Pony Trot." On the 21st these fascinating artists will appear at the New Oxford as Eabes in the Wood.

FROM THE DRAWING BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE.



WE started "Fun of the Fayre" with a strong personal bias against the affectation of its spelling. All of us. Because one is not speaking editorially. Why "Fayre"? And if "Fayre," why not "Funne"? And so on by easy stages to "Ye Olde Englysshe Eatinge Roomes—flysshe and chippes." Seems silly. Because, after all, the jolly thing that none but the brave deserve isn't spelt that way. On the contrary. So let's drop the final "e." As in "Cochran."

And this vague premonitory gloom was not dispelled by the elaborate archaism of the first scene. The one bright spot was Miss Evelyn Laye's wig. Because Mr. Morris Harvey is not one's idea of Mr. Pepys. Or even one's idea of Mr. Hastings Turner's idea of Pepys. But perhaps a kindly management intended us to linger over our dinner and class ourselves among the really distinguished people who crawl across your knees about ten past nine when all the principals are on the stage. Not us!

But then it began to warm up. And the warming was done by the dismal, unhurried presence of Mr. Alfred Lester. He will never equal the mental horror of his Lost Policeman in "The New Aladdin" ever so many years ago. But he is a perfect comedian of the placid order. And once, in a later scene, we were privileged to gaze upon that classical profile which he really wears at home and startles the photographers with from time to time. Really, if we are not careful, we shall have Mr. Lester lodged in a matinée niche among the Nares and Penates.

With him, to speak professionally, Mr. Morris Harvey and a delightful reminiscence of the Apollo of the "Follies." His Friend in "Does it Pay to be Good?" is the sort of thing that Mr. Holman Clark was doing for years—before he took to a life of suave crime; and beautifully done it is. There is a horrible ineptitude about his yellow wig which dooms his advice to futility before it is out of his mouth—or at any rate past that loofah moustache.

But the core and centre of a revue is its dancing. You may go for the topical song and the bit about Lloyd George and Mrs. Hunt. But I—we—us—went to look at the dancing. And *imprimis* the Spanish dancing. Which is the Señorita Trini, a tall young lady who seemed from her first appearance to be going to confine herself to that comb-and-man-tilla business which always suggests that Lady Blee has taken some dancing lessons (without Sir Hickory's knowledge) and is going to favour the

Charity Concert with a Seguedilla—because she is Quite Mad about Spain since dear Princess Ena married the King, and Liberty's got in all those lovely new shawls from China.



But in her real scenes she gets down to it. There are no combs, no shawls, no black lace. But it is just the swaying, turning, stamping reality of Spanish dancing. And anyone who says it isn't, doesn't know. Before it she is just a highly decorative young lady. And after it she is just a pleasant little singer with an aptitude for Scheherazadish writhing. But during it she is a moving piece of Spain. And that, when we can't be there, is what we all want to see.



THE AVON VALE MEET AT LACKHAM: MISS WARREN (RIGHT), MRS. JOHN MORLEY, AND MASTER JOHN MORLEY.

This snapshot was taken at the Avon Vale meet at Lord Glanely's house, Lackham, and shows spectators and a sportswoman who have just arrived at the meet.

Photograph by S. and G.

AT A MEET OF THE AVON VALE : MRS. LONG AND THE HON. ERIC LONG, ACTING M.F.H.

The Hon. Eric Long is the son of Viscount Long. He is acting Joint Master of the Avon Vale. Our photograph was taken when hounds met at Lord Glanely's house, Lackham, near Chippenham.

Photograph by S. and G.

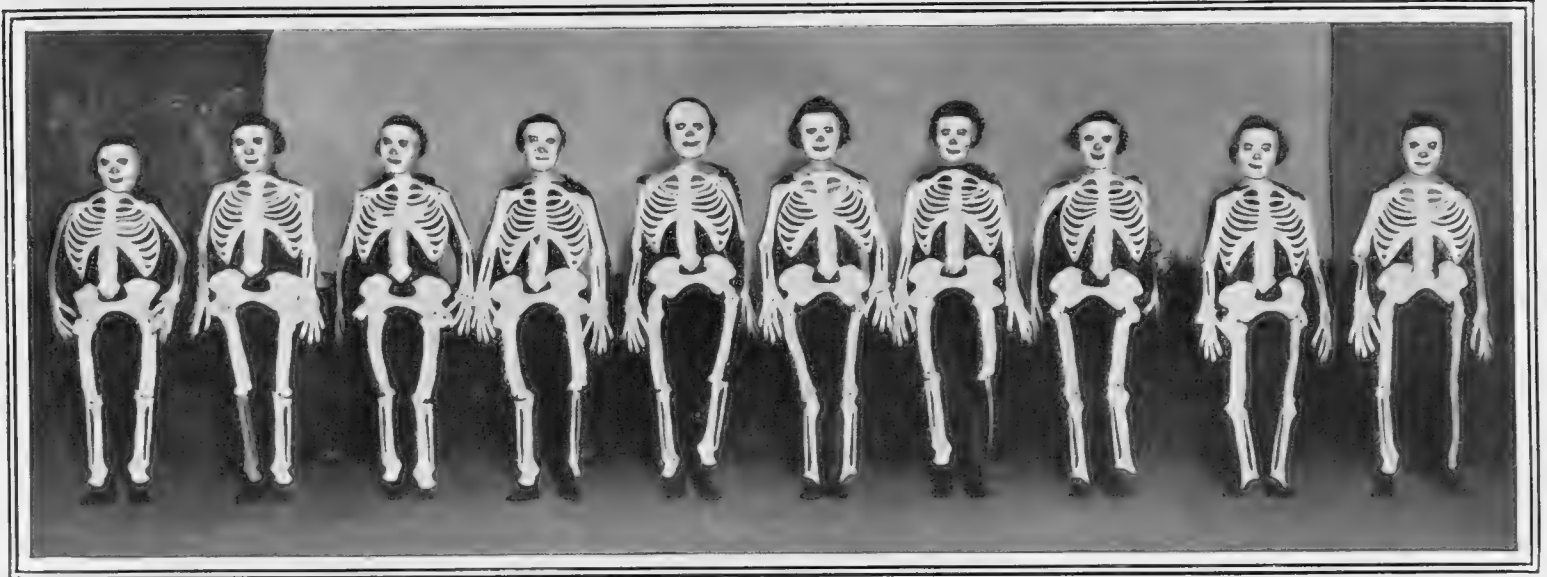
they have those acrobatic qualities which the English most admire as a substitute for dancing. And one feels that if they were allowed to be a shade less violent, they could dance quite nicely.

Dances, above all, Miss June, who was so charming a Columbine a short time back, and with her (when Mr. Webb is not there to do it) Mr. John Hale, quite naïf and easy and equal to the crisis. And besides the dancers there are the singers—Miss Laye, who is one of our only *comédiennes*, and Mr. Gwyther, who is, as they say in their superior way, Too Good For Revue, but manages never to sing or stand out of the picture.

Then and last of all there is the real beauty of the *décor*. One had not for many years seen anything half so quietly, richly beautiful as the Domergue scene of "Old Venice" in the age of dominoes and Longhi and *tricornes* and faded gilt of the eighteenth century—a moving, beautiful picture.

And Bakst was as Bakst as ever in the whirling colour of the "Arabian Night." Altogether a revue worthy of a capital city, full of laughs and lights and pleasant noises, and written (one felt) all for us, not borrowed from some Roof Garden or other across the Atlantic.

Skeleton Students: Vassar Girls, University Men.



PART OF THE JUNIOR PROM.: VASSAR COLLEGE GIRLS IN THEIR SKELETON DANCE.



RAGGING THROUGH THE STREETS OF BIRMINGHAM IN AID OF HOSPITALS: UNIVERSITY STUDENT SKELETONS.

Students of both sexes enjoy aping the grisly form of death—both in England and America. Our top photograph shows the girls of Vassar College, U.S.A., in their famous Skeleton Dance, which is part of the junior

prom. Our lower photograph comes from Birmingham, and shows the University students ragging through the streets of that town in aid of hospitals. The amount of money which they collected was very large.

Photographs by T.P.A.



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER," AT THE COURT—YOUNG MARLOW, THE MODEST LOVER, AND KATE IN HER FINERY: MISS NEVILLE (EILEEN BELDON); MISS HARDCASTLE (ENA GROSSMITH); HASTINGS (GEORGE HAYES); AND YOUNG MARLOW (JAMES DALE).



THE HAPPY ENDING: MISS NEVILLE (EILEEN BELDON); HASTINGS (GEORGE HAYES); TONY LUMPKIN (ALFRED CLARKE); MISS HARDCASTLE (ENA GROSSMITH); MR. HARDCASTLE (H. O. NICHOLSON); YOUNG MARLOW (JAMES DALE); MRS. HARDCASTLE (MARGARET YARDE); AND SIR CHARLES MARLOW (LOUIS O'CONNOR).

Lovers of "She Stoops to Conquer" will be glad that J. B. Fagan has selected this classic for production at the Court Theatre. Mr. Alfred Clarke is a splendid Tony Lumpkin; Mr. James Dale, as Young Marlow, shy and modest with Kate Hardcastle in her finery, and ardent and

enterprising with the same lady when he mistakes her for a barmaid, is excellent. If Miss Ena Grossmith as Miss Hardcastle does not quite interpret the spirit of the period, she looks very pretty and possesses the atmosphere of extreme youth which is essential to the part.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY WALTER BENINGTON.

The American-Born Sister-in-Law of an Eighth Duke.



FORMERLY MISS ANNE BREEZE: LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER.

Lady Alastair Innes-Ker is the wife of Lord Alastair Innes-Ker, D.S.O., younger brother of the eighth Duke of Roxburghe. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breeze, of New York, was married in 1907, and has three children—Alastair James, born in 1908; David

Charles, born in 1910; and Eloise Jane Horatia, born in 1915. Lady Alastair Innes-Ker has named her little girl Eloise after her sister, the Countess of Ancaster, who is one of the loveliest of our American-born Peeresses.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



The Cottesmore. What a day we had the other Friday! The Cottesmore met at Great Dalby, and shortly after eleven o'clock moved off to look for an outlier. This was the beginning of our trials. We went to Gartry Hill after that, and then to Burra. Four weary times did we go up and down, till several well-known people were to be seen running up the hill to give their blown horses a rest! Scent was very bad, and a great many people returned home early, as the ground was still hard.

Mrs. Higson was out again, but Captain Higson will not be hunting for another week, though his collar-bone is healing nicely. The Duke of York hunted with the Belvoir the Saturday when they met at Piper's Hole. He drove up with Major Bouch, and seemed in great form, throwing up his hat and catching it neatly on his head in a style worthy of the variety stage. Major Bouch had mounted him and told him his horse was the best in the country, then remarked to his groom in a patient fashion, "Is there a horse for me to ride?"—much to the Duke's amusement.

Hounds moved off shortly, and the Duke rode away with Mrs. Drummond, whose husband is still *hors de combat*. Miss Tilney and Mrs. Brocklehurst were two who got rather badly left, but many got away well. Mrs. Higson was late for the meet, owing to the fact that her car had collided with a butcher's van on the way out. The Belgian Count has been unable to make further progress with his hunting, as he has been suffering from a poisoned finger which has had to be operated on.

Miss Payne-Gallwey, whose father is the Duke of Rutland's agent, was following in a pony-cart; she is a very pretty, fair-haired girl with lovely colouring, and very good to hounds.

On dit that the Duke of York is following in his brother's foot-steps and rides very straight. Of course, this country is pretty strange to him as yet, but with a good pilot he will soon be all right—anyway, he was heard to remark he preferred it to the Pytchley. As usually, the hunting parson was well to the fore in more ways than one.

The Hon. Hope Prothero has been away for a week; she is staying with her father and mother in town, trying to get rid of a bad cold. She has recently purchased two hunters from Drage. Mrs. Burdon, well known down here, is hoping to have a dinner-party for M. Moiseiwitsch's recital at Leicester shortly. Dr. Malcolm Sargent, who is the organist at Melton Mowbray, is a pupil of his, and not long ago conducted his own work, "A Windy Day," at the Queen's Hall, where it was most favourably received.

Recent Cottesmore fixtures included Holywell, Cole's Lodge, Empingham, and Ridlington, but some had to be abandoned on account of the hoar-frost which suddenly gripped the country. Holywell is one of the prettiest places in Rutland, and belonged to the family of Birch-Reynardson till lately, Colonel "Carlo" Birch-Reynardson being one of the most popular figures in the county. At his death the place passed to his daughter, Mrs. Acland-Hood, whose only son, the heir, was in the Navy when he gallantly gave up his life in the war. His father, Colonel Acland-Hood, lives at Holywell now.

At Cole's Lodge there was good scent; but, in spite of it, nothing of much importance occurred. Launde Park Wood, belonging to Colonel Dawson (late Rifle Brigade), was drawn blank; but a fox was found in Prior's Coppice, from whence hounds ran to Owston Wood,

one of the best-known places in the county. Sir Arthur Fludyer—who, to the sorrow of his numerous friends, has been ill for some weeks—is a big landowner in this district. He belongs to a type fast dying out, and of which in a few years there will be no survivors. His gruff manner out hunting was a great contrast to his sunny and courtly manners in his own house. It was his pride and pleasure to have the broad rides of his famous covert, Wardley Wood, kept like a lawn. They were certainly a joy to ride on.

Colonel Wyndham was one of those out. He, by the way, had a fall some weeks ago, from which he is happily recovering. Mr. Loevenstein, the Belgian millionaire from Melton, was also of the company. He rides some wonderful horses. Some years ago a pretty Belgian woman went down to have a hunt with him, which she plaintively described thus: "I have been hunting, and I am so stiff I cannot walk or sit or lie down." "Where have you been hunting?" she was asked; and the reply came: "Oh, I don't know—somewhere with Loevenstein. Oh, I am so sore!" The lady in question was well known for her good horsemanship in horse shows of the *haute école* type, but she must have found Leicestershire rather different, poor thing.

Charlie Douglas I noticed too. He has grown whiskers. The only modern face that suits them is that of Lord Londonderry, for, though Lord Lonsdale and Mr. Lowther wear them, their jolly faces are not typically modern, are they?

How we all miss Mr. Lowther, for he has hunted, either with the Quorn or the Cottesmore, for more than a quarter of a century. We hope we may see him out, perhaps, after Christmas.

Another well-known figure out on Tuesday was Arthur Thatcher, so popular as huntsman to the Cottesmore Hounds during the late Mr. Hanbury's mastership. Since his day we have had Gilson and Leaf; and now Welch, from the Warwickshire, has taken their place. The latter is remarkable for the musical quality of his voice. Everybody wishes him success in his new position.

The Quorn and the Belvoir.

The Belvoir had a good day the other Wednesday from Harlaxton, when Mr. Pearson Gregory's coverts were drawn. Unfortunately, the meet being

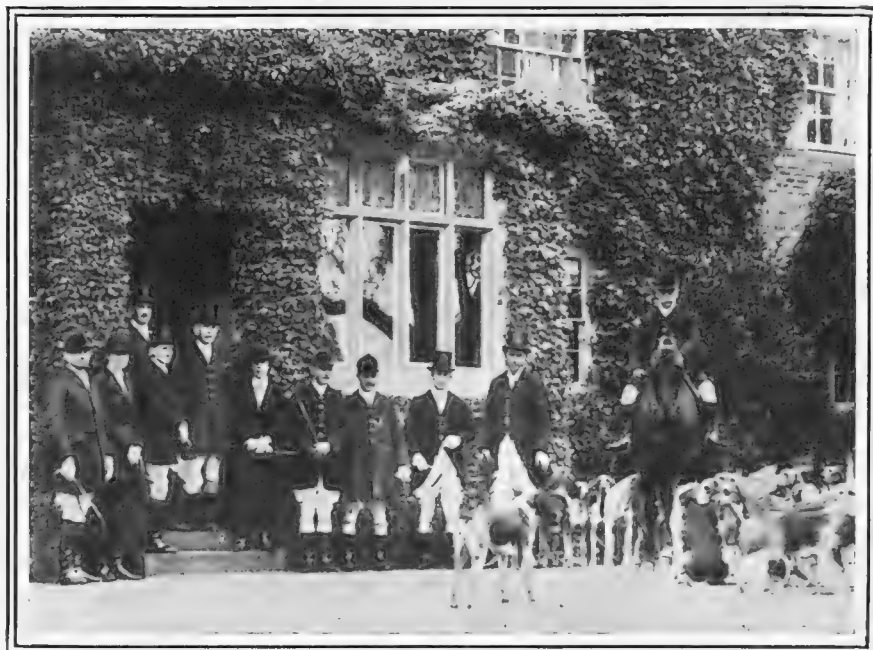
fourteen miles or so from Melton, not very many people were out. There are few hunting-boxes between Melton and Grantham, Sir John Arnott at Sealford Hall, Captain "Bertie" Sheriffe at Goadby, Colonel George Paynter at Eaton Grange, Mrs. Payne-Gallwey and her daughter from Kimpton, and Lord and Lady Worsley at Hawton being really the only hunting people who live in the district.

It is good news that Major Bouch has decided not to resign the Mastership, after all, at the end of this season, but will continue to hunt the hounds next year. He has had many difficulties to contend with, and has spent unlimited money and trouble in overcoming them, and this season has shown excellent sport.

Nimrod Capell, the son of Ben Capell—old huntsman of the Belvoir—is acting as first whip. There are few fences that would stop either of them, and the Hunt horses are a first-rate lot.

The Quorn had a fair day the other Friday, but hounds ran into that part of the Cottesmore country they expected to be in next day and were consequently stopped. There are good fields out with them again this year. Wilson is to be depended on to provide a gallop of some sort.

[Continued on page xii.]

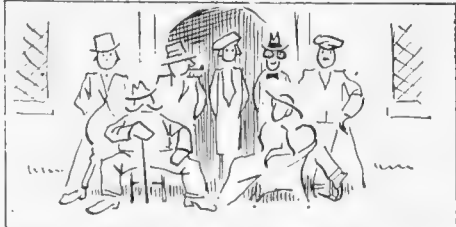


A BIRTHDAY MEET OF THE V.W.H. (CRICKLADE): TO COMMEMORATE THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MR. WARD, THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE HUNT.

This photograph was taken at the meet of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), at Red Lodge, near Swindon, which occurred on the seventy-fifth birthday of Mr. Ward. The names, reading from left to right, are: Commander C. A. Codrington; Mrs. Codrington; Mr. Harold Ward; Captain Godfrey Rice; Mr. John Ward; Mrs. Ward; Lieutenant-Colonel Fuller (Master); Mr. T. Freer-Meade; Captain Sidney Davis; Mr. John Faulkener; Joe Willis (huntsman of V.W.H.).—[Photograph by P.I.C.]

Photo. Fame!

1



A House Party in the Midlands.
(From left to right): Mr. John Smith, Mr. T. Jones,
Miss Peggy Smith, —, Capt. Robinson.
Seated: Col. Tompkin, V.D., Mrs. Smith.

2



Snapped in the Park.
Lady Lily Lavender walking
with a friend.

3



An Echo of the Twelfth.
Members of Lord Tweedledum's party at luncheon.
From left to right: Capt. Cork, R.N., the Honble. Rose Tweedle,
Mr. J. Penn, Lord Tweedledum & Major Miffen.

4



Authors at Play.
Sir Ernest Wrightwell & Mr. Jay
Penn at North Haywick.

5



A Rising Writer.
Mr. Jay Penn, whose latest
novel, "Tripe," is attracting
so much attention.

6



A distinguished Author.
Mr. Jay Penn at work.

7



Mr. Jay Penn.
A recent portrait.

8

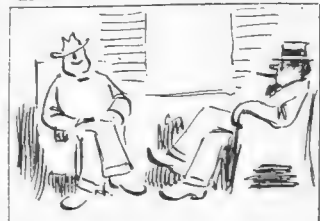


Mr. Jay Penn, the brilliant novelist,
whose stirring Serial of love and
hate, entitled "Apes of Lebanon",
commences in these columns
on Monday.



Snapped in the Park.
Mr. Jay Penn walking
with a friend.

10



Enjoying the Sunshine on the
Riviera: Mr. Jay Penn & Lord Zero.

11



At the Eton & Harrow Match.
Sir Salmo Ferox &
Mr. Jay Penn.

12



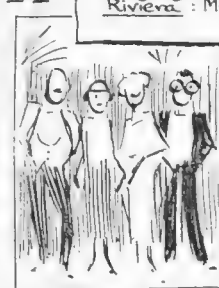
Mr. Jay Penn, whose
novel "Tripe" created
such a sensation
a few seasons ago.

13



General Omnibus
chatting with Mr. Penn,
the author.

14



A Group at the Mudshire
Hunt Ball: Capt. Roarer,
Miss Bullfinch, Miss Thruster
& Mr. James Penn.

15



The Hopkins-Jopson
wedding: one of
the guests arriving

Fougasse

A BIOGRAPHICAL RISE AND FALL IN SNAPSHOTS.

DRAWN BY FOUGASSE.



SIX FOOLS: No. III.—THE NEW ELAINE.

By G. B. STERN. (Author of "Children of No Man's Land," etc.)

ELAINE led a demure and dreamy life with her father and two brothers in one of the hunting counties. Theirs was rather a disconsolate home, set low like a dull garnet in a bracelet of trees. They were too poor to keep horses, too poor to entertain friends, so that Elaine, at eighteen, was as romantic and unwise as any maiden of mediæval times. Had she had admirers, fervent and unoriginal, they would doubtless have compared her eyes to deep woodland pools. To put it without enthusiasm, they were brown. Her small oval face was pale, her mouth full and serious, her hair a golden web. In fact, she was a pretty girl, and worthy of a more exhilarating fate than to keep house for an ancient and decrepit parent and two surly young misanthropes who were for ever grumbling that their noble name was not as saleable as the land which had once enridged Thirlby.

One misty November evening the Hon. Lancelot Lorris knocked at the doors of Thirlby to ask his way. His fox had gone to earth, the rest of the field was nowhere in sight, and the country was unfamiliar to him.

"I'm staying at Cotterill Park. The Webster-Dunns have taken it for the season. Do you know them?"

John Thirlby grunted non-committally, and invited the stranger in mud-splashed pink to stay the night, as the fog was deepening every moment. Their isolation from the world was so profound that they had heard no gossip of Guinevere Dunn—beautiful, tragic, restless—and her cheery, sporting husband, Arthur. And yet Lady Vere, as she preferred to be called, was notorious, and so was Lancelot's hopeless attachment to her. It was said, spitefully, that she deliberately chose to marry Arthur Webster-Dunn because she felt that her profile was more suited to stormy sorrow than contentment.

But Elaine Thirlby did not suspect the shadowed hinterland of Lancelot's heart. Had she known, she would have said innocently, "But she's married!"

Yes, as bad as all that!

During the night he spent at Thirlby, Lancelot oddly thought neither of Vere the tragic wife, nor of Elaine the lily-maid. He was awake . . . wondering why he had cold shivers down his back, a throbbing head, and a hot, sand-papered throat. The next morning he was so much worse that he hoarsely pleaded for a doctor, whose verdict was influenza.

Servants were scarce with the Thirlbys, and Elaine nursed him herself. A connoisseur in minor perfections which, far more than the major, add up to form the Perfect Woman, he noted appreciatively that her wrists were delicate, her voice a tender melody, and her step light as a falling leaf. He wisely did not even attempt to make her love him until he was well over the unbecoming stages of influenza. When he began to be handsome again—his were the dark, thin, Crusader type of looks—it astonished him to discover that he, meanwhile, had himself fallen quite profoundly in love with the girl.

"How silently you live here, Elaine—like a figure in a tapestry. You ought to have an old, old, wrinkled nurse, a sort of Maeterlinckian retainer, blind and deaf and dumb and crippled, but otherwise most useful and devoted. You ought to sit in a tower-room and spin fine white wool. You ought to feed long-necked swans on a glassy lake."

"I'd rather have a season in London and dance and go to revues," sighed the wistful child in her dingy brown cloak, walking with him slowly up and down in front of the house, where the reluctant sun was warmest.

He laughed outright.

"You little Philistine!"

"Why?"

She naturally could not realise that the frame he had devised for her was fantastic and charming. To her such a swan-and-tapestry existence sounded yawningly akin to her own, whereas the normal vulgar pleasures her youth craved—ah, they were indeed as remote as legend.

"Poor little captive! I wish I could give you what you want, I wish—oh, God!" Suddenly he was impatient of the vows which kept him for years a carpet knight to Lady Vere. A mere mechanical habit of devotion had now replaced his first fierce chivalry on her behalf.

Elaine was thrilled by his wrung-out oath, and ensuing gloomy silence. She gloried in the strong lines of pain about his mouth. Here at last was that object of mystery—a real man.

Lady Guinevere sent for him. For ten days he had succeeded in keeping his whereabouts a secret, but that could hardly last. So he said good-bye to his mournful Elaine, checked a violent desire to kiss her, promised, with a deep throbbing note of conviction in his voice and none whatever in his soul, to return, and rode off. She dared not watch him go, further and further—it made the loss of him seem too real. Besides, her brown eyes were drenched with tears. So she went straight to his room to tidy up the litter of past illness, and found a large gold hunting flask, initialled, which her Sybaritic hero had inadvertently left behind him in a drawer.

Glad of the pretext, she fled up to an attic window where he could see her—if he chose to look—and thence signalled to him to return. Lancelot rode back . . . Shy and yet daring, she met him at the moss-grown gates. "You—you left this—I found it!"

"It's yours, then. Will you keep it for me, Elaine? To remind you . . ."

And really this was quite a graceful and convenient way to pay off his debt to the Thirlbys, who were naturally too proud to be offered the price of his board, but too poor not to have suffered from the additional expense.

"I mustn't keep it," doubtfully, "unless you—unless you mean to come back for it?"

And because this unlooked-for second farewell was more of a strain than his austerity had bargained for, he answered with soft meaning: "I do mean to come back for it—and if the gold is bright, I shall know you haven't forgotten. . . ."

Elaine passed the winter in a mist of dreams. Very often she would polish the flask, and lovingly polish it again till it gleamed; and then, letting her hands idly turn it over and over, as it might be a talisman to recall a magical episode, she sat long hours at the attic window, gazing up the road. . . . Sometimes the ache for something more tangible than pretence led her to remove the stopper and set her lips on the rim of the flask where his stern mouth must have thirstily pressed after a hard run with the Cottesmore. She had no brisk and cheery aunt—up-to-date pattern—to call her a sentimental little goose. . . .

Even an Arthur can be carried too often to the well. Guinevere's husband, who was much too good a fellow ever to have suspected anything while there was everything to suspect, suddenly had a tremendous scene with his wife, a really powerful Scene, in which she lay about with her head among his boots, and vainly let down her hair at him. And he then filed a petition, with Lancelot Lorris named as the co-respondent.

Ironically, Lancelot and Guinevere had also had a scene together, the day before Arthur's Scene, wherein they frankly and mutually owned, in the typically light-hearted modern style, that they were tired of their love affair and might as well conclude it.

"I think, for a change, I must give Arthur a trial," said Guinevere carelessly.

Unfortunately, as I said before, Arthur chose this inauspicious juncture to give her a trial of a very different nature.

This was in February.

Elaine, surrounded by trees and moisture and the mushroom-growing dampness of remote Thirlby, did not often read the papers. But, of course, John and Horace brought home a sheaf of them on the day when Webster-Dunn v. Webster-Dunn and Lorris was gleefully reported. It was a subject of special interest to them, for had not Lancelot Lorris had influenza under their roof four months ago? The little sister, demurely pouring out coffee for them, would not understand what they were discussing, anyhow, so they might let themselves go unreservedly. . . . "Of course, he'll have to marry her now, directly the decree is made absolute." They did not notice the little sister growing up, growing out of her sentimental goosehood, as she dropped the lumps of sugar in their coffee.

"So this is life," thought Elaine. "How . . . comic!"

It was the coming-of-age of her sense of humour.

If she had been without it, she would doubtless have discovered that this fatal morning was a Tuesday, and that it was on a Wednesday that she and Lance had first met, so that it almost achieved an anniversary. . . . Most women have an instinct for such subtly ironic coincidences as these!

So, miss'g her cue to pine away and achieve a pale and lovely death, Elaine very sensibly put Lancelot out of her mind and

[Continued on page x.]

This Week's Studdy.



THE CO-OPTIMISTS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

"The Faithful Heart": Blacky I.'s Failure.



IN THE SOUTHAMPTON INN, 1899: BLACKY I. (MARY ODETTE), MISS GATTERSCOMBE (RUTH MAITLAND) AND MAJOR LESTRADE (LAWRENCE HANRAY).



BLACKY I. HEARS THAT HER SAILOR LOVER, WAVERLEY ANGO, IS GOING AWAY: MISS MARY ODETTE AND MR. GODFREY TEARLE.



A TRAGEDY TO THE TUNE OF A MUSICAL BOX: BLACKY I. (MARY ODETTE) AND ANGO (GODFREY TEARLE) BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE.

Mr. Monckton Hoffs's new play, "The Faithful Heart," which is proving so great a success at the Comedy, opens with a tragic Prologue. The scene is set in 1899 in a Southampton Inn, kept by Miss Gatterscombe, aided by her nieces, Blacky I. and Ginger. Waverley Ango, the young sailor, is Blacky's faithless lover. He

sails away and leaves her to her fate, though he is unaware of all that she has to face. The scene of his departure is staged with great skill, use being made of the shrill shrieks of the sirens, and the tinkling melody of the coon song from the musical box, to produce an affecting whole.

After Twenty Years: Blacky II.'s Triumph.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE UNEXPECTED DAUGHTER: BLACKY II. (MARY ODETTE) PROVES HER IDENTITY TO HER FATHER, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WAVERLEY ANGO.



ANGO'S FIANCÉE REFUSES TO ACCEPT HIS DAUGHTER: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WAVERLEY ANGO (GODFREY TEARLE) AND DIANA OUGHTERSON (MOLLIE KERR).

If the Prologue of "The Faithful Heart" tells of the failure of Blacky I., the latter half of the play describes the triumph of poor Blacky's daughter, Blacky II. Twenty years have passed, and Ango is now a Lieutenant-Colonel with distinguished service in the Great War behind him; he is engaged to Diana Oughterson, a Society girl, and his prospects are brilliant. Blacky II., the

daughter of whose existence he was ignorant, suddenly calls on him, and the sight of her rouses his old love for her dead mother, as well as his feeling of responsibility. He accepts her, and suggests to his fiancée that Blacky II. should be part of their ménage. Diana refuses, and Ango, left to choose between them, decides for Blacky, and a return to the sea.





TO SEA AGAIN, WITH HIS DAUGHTER: WAVERLEY ANGO (GODFREY TEARLE) AND BLACKY II. (MARY ODETE).

One of the most moving scenes in "The Faithful Heart," at the Comedy, is when Lieutenant-Colonel Waverley Ango tells his illegitimate daughter, Blacky II., that she is not to be sent to Canada to join her aunt, Ginger, there, but that, as a sailor's daughter,

she will accompany him on his voyage to the Cape as the captain of a tramp steamer. The play ends with the departure of father and daughter, for Ango makes amends to the memory of Blacky I. by accepting Blacky II. as his daughter for good and all.

Mosquito and Others: New Benda Masks.



TO ACCENTUATE COSTUME, AND AID PANTO.: MASKS FOR THE DRAMA, RATHER THAN THE DANCE.

Our page shows four of the latest masks by W. T. Benda, the Polish artist. They were posed by Miss Virginia Bell, dancing in the Greenwich Village Follies; but the masks shown have not yet been used on the stage. The costume shown in our top right-hand photograph is the Mosquito, and suggests a pantomime figure; the Peasant Girl and the Grotesque Girl, illustrated by the left-hand photographs, show how admirably the effect of costume may be

accentuated by the wearing of masks. The Mandarin's Wife also italicises this truth, as well as bearing out Mr. Benda's contention that masks can bring the player nearer to the marionette ideal than anything else. The Greeks understood the dramatic possibilities of masks; and it is obvious that if plays are written with a view to exploiting their use, excellent effects may be obtained by following the antique fashion of masked drama.—[Photographs by Maurice Goldberg.]

The Viceroy of Ireland's Son Engaged.



WITH HIS PARENTS AND SISTER: CAPTAIN THE HON. H. FITZALAN-HOWARD, ENGAGED TO MISS J. LANGDALE.

The engagement of Captain the Hon. Henry Fitzalan-Howard, 11th Hussars, only son of Viscount and Viscountess Fitzalan, to Miss Joyce Langdale, elder daughter of Colonel Philip and Mrs. Langdale, of Houghton Hall, Yorkshire, has just been announced. Lord Fitzalan, P.C., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., will be the last man to hold the historic post of Viceroy of Ireland—the country so soon to become the Irish Free State. He is a son of the

fourteenth Duke of Norfolk, and assumed the name of Talbot in lieu of his patronymic in 1876. He is Deputy Earl Marshal of England, and is a retired Colonel of the 11th Hussars. He was appointed Viceroy of Ireland this year, when he was raised to the peerage as Viscount Fitzalan. He married Lady Mary Bertie, daughter of the seventh Earl of Abingdon, and has one daughter, the Hon. Mary Fitzalan-Howard, and one son.

PHOTOGRAPH BY POOLE, WATERFORD, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



MR. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM: "THE JESTER"; BY GERALD KELLY.

Mr. Gerald Kelly's portrait of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, the famous author and playwright, is entitled "The Jester," and is on view at the Winter Exhibition of Paintings and Drawings by Contemporary British Artists at the Grosvenor Galleries. Mr. Maugham is the author of numerous well-known comedies of modern manners, including

"Lady Frederick," "Cæsar's Wife," "Home and Beauty," and "The Circle"; and various novels, of which "The Moon and Sixpence" is one of the most remarkable. His latest book, "The Trembling of a Leaf" was published this autumn. Mr. Kelly entitles his portrait "The Jester" as a tribute to Maugham's gay wit.

From the painting by Gerald Kelly. (Copyright strictly reserved by the artist.)

OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



THERE is no escaping the child wife in current novels. That is not altogether surprising in the light of recent happenings; but it is rather curious that one should have dipped into the lucky bag of new books and pulled out three in succession, quite by chance, only to find that all three were about the modern Dora Copperfield.

The case, to be sure, is entirely altered, for the new girl is a thinking being. In one story she is rather too confiding for the twentieth century, in another exceedingly flapperish and slangily flippant, and in the third amazingly forgiving; but none of them are brainless. Yet only one really makes good. Each has her creator's sympathy, and to some extent wins the reader's. In no instance does the novelist mean to put these girls in the wrong. It is the unsuitable husband she is down upon, for—perpend—all these stories are written by women.

Take first, then, "Vera," by that most charming and accomplished writer, the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Something of the old urbanity that used to temper her irony seems to be missing here. The beginning, it is true, seemed to offer a purely whimsical situation, just on the grim side, but very promising. You meet, in Cornwall, Lucy Entwhistle, a girl of twenty-two, but looking twelve, and in some ways no older. She is stunned by the sudden death of her father. To her enters a stranger, Everard Wemyss, stunned by the death of his wife, who has fallen out of a window in circumstances that led the jury to return an open verdict. Lucy and Wemyss make common cause in grief, and rush into sudden friendship, that makes one leap to love, and a fortnight later they are engaged.

It might have been delicious serio-comedy. The exact, methodical, apparently kindly, if too self-pitying Wemyss "making all arrangements" for the late Mr. Entwhistle's funeral, and taking a proper pride in his stage-management of that sad function, made one expect him to develop in amiable eccentricity. But that was not the author's intention. Very skilfully she reveals Wemyss as an utter beast.

His crude love-making doesn't prevent his hurrying Lucy into marriage. Thereafter, he stands forth as a "Man of Property" whose selfish egotism gives the Forsytes points and a beating. They at least were civilised. Wemyss is utter Philistine. Lucy is "his woman," to be fondled and crushed into subservience. He drags her to the up-river house where his wife, Vera, came to grief. About that lady he knows no decent reticences. The house is exactly as she left it—she may be said, in fact, to haunt it. Between Wemyss's abominable domestic tyranny—his behaviour to servants is as bad as it is to his wife—and the brooding presence of Vera, Lucy wilts.

The man is incorrigible. Lucy's aunt, Miss Entwhistle—an excellent portrait of a maiden lady—makes a plucky fight for her niece, only to be shown the door, after telling Wemyss that Lucy won't stand it, as Vera did, fifteen years. Nothing in the book is more neatly managed than the suggestion of Vera, Vera, Vera. She is never obtruded, but little by little she explains everything, and you

know what the verdict on her death should have been. As for Lucy's prospects, you had better read the story and draw your own conclusions.

Equally stormy was the early married life of "Cristabel," a typical war-flapper who at seventeen became the third wife of Dominic, Viscount de Veyne. Her speeches are a caution, but they will serve as a faithful enough record of what young impertinence mistook for honest independence during the years of upheaval.

Married to a man much older than herself, Cristabel tried conscientiously to be a good wife, but met with no proper sympathy, and accordingly kicked vigorously. Dominic didn't behave at all nicely, and it is a wonder that Cristabel only ran away to Munitions. If she had gone off with another man—she did in a way, but quite innocently—it would have served Viscount de Veyne right, but there was nothing vicious about Cristabel. She gave her lord a daughter; and he, desiring an heir, was not pleased—would hardly look at the

infant when he came home demobbed. But Cristabel persevered, at great cost, in seeking for happiness and harmony without in any way becoming abject. The story is old-fashioned and conventional in its ending, and has to fall back on Cristabel's severe illness to bring Dominic to his senses; but it's really amusing, and, if over-sentimentalised and exaggerated in parts, full of good touches. Cristabel, who did everything thoroughly, justified her existence with a vengeance at last, for when the heir did condescend to arrive he brought with him a twin brother, whose announcement by a footman is one of the best bits of comedy in Mrs. Robert Hamilton's book.

The third young wife unsuitably married is Lily Stellanthorpe, the heroine of E. M. Delafield's "Humbug," a story for the instruction

and warning of good women who "know by instinct that the younger generation should be equipped to encounter life by the careful and systematic misrepresentation of the more vital aspects of life."

Lily was exceptionally ill equipped for a present-day girl, but somehow, when she found that Nicholas Aubray, her unsympathetic and rather blatant husband, had had a squalid affair with an impossible woman, formerly nurse to Mrs. Aubray during an illness, she behaved with an entirely enlightened tolerance. Although she "longed for the freedom that only truth can give," she could not "see herself justified in seeking to force upon Nicholas a vision of the facts as she saw them." At last, after much painful introspection on Lily's part, "it was all but incredible that there had ever been a crisis," and we take leave of her telling Aubray's infant son, "You shall belong to yourself always." He is to know no kindly deceits on his parents' part. Perilously near humbug, this; but Aunt Clo is a character, and her routing of the nurse worth all the rest of the book.



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR AND PLAYWRIGHT IN HER ANTIQUE SHOP: MRS. SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

Mrs. Somerset Maugham, the wife of Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, the playwright and author, has recently started an antique-shop in Chelsea. It is cleverly arranged with different rooms to show off the furniture and decorative et-ceteras of each period. Mrs. Maugham, who has one daughter, boasts an unusual Christian name, as she is called Syrie. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Barnardo.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

Vera. By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)

Cristabel. By Edith Henrietta Fowler. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)

Humbug. By E. M. Delafield. (Hutchinson; 8s. 6d.)



CLUBLAND CARICATURES: COLONEL NEWCOME AND JOS SEDLEY'S CLUB—THE ORIENTAL.

The Oriental Club was founded in 1824 by General Sir John Malcolm and some of his friends, including the Duke of Wellington, who became its first President. It was established for the benefit and solace of officers and gentlemen who had served his Majesty in the Honourable East India Company in the East, and it absorbed, in 1855, the older Alfred Club, to which Lord Byron, Count D'Orsay and Bulwer Lytton

had belonged. After the amalgamation, the Oriental Club ceased to look only eastwards for its members. At least three Governors-General—Lord William Bentinck, Lord Auckland and Lord Lawrence—have belonged to it, as well as several Indian Governors and Lieutenant-Governors, while we know from Thackeray that Colonel Newcome and Mr. Joseph Sedley, Magistrate and collector of Bogleywallah, were members!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

"Will Shakespeare" Reprieved!



SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERS HIS LOVE, MARY FITTON, WITH HIS FRIEND KIT MARLOWE: MR. PHILIP MERIVALE, MR. CLAUDE RAINS, AND MISS MARY CLARE.



MARLOWE'S DISPUTED DEATH: MISS MARY CLARE, MR. PHILIP MERIVALE, AND MR. CLAUDE RAINS.

Miss Clemence Dane's "invention," "Will Shakespeare," at the Shaftesbury, is to run a little longer, instead of being withdrawn as was at first threatened. Our page illustrates the thrilling scenes which take

place at the inn at Deptford. Shakespeare follows Mary Fitton, and discovers her there with his friend Kit Marlowe. There is a rough-and-tumble ending in Marlowe's death by his own dagger.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.



THE NEW MARY IN "WELCOME STRANGER": MISS MARY GLYNNE.



AS PITTI-SING: MISS CATHERINE FERGUSON IN "THE MIKADO."



NANKI-POO: MR. DEREK OLDHAM IN "THE MIKADO."

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. Beautifully costumed, staged, and sung.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Charles Hawtrej in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.



DAUGHTER OF FRED EMNEY: MISS JOAN EMNEY, AT THE OXFORD.



AS THE MIKADO: MR. DARRELL FANCOURT IN "THE MIKADO."

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

2. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmuttery comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

3. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).

Described by Mr. Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

4. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Spectacle, songs, dances; dresses charming and daring.

5. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment.

6. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

7. "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS" (ALHAMBRA).

M. Diaghileff's company of Russian dancers at its strongest, in a charming version of the old fairy-story with Tchaikovsky's music, which has taken since 1890 to get to London.

8. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

9. "WILL SHAKESPEARE" (SHAFTESBURY).

A mighty pretty entertainment, making free with famous names. Shakespeare; Kit Marlowe; the Virgin Queen; Ann Hathaway; Henslowe; and Mary Fitton, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, figure in Clemence Dane's "Invention" at the Shaftesbury. Will Shakespeare is "presented" as Kit Marlowe's rival in love.

10. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).

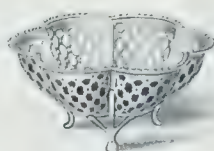
A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!



POOH-BAH: MR. LEO SHEFFIELD IN "THE MIKADO," AT THE PRINCE'S.

So much interest has been aroused by our list of "Plays You Must See" and "Plays Exceptionally Worth Seeing" that we continue to publish it—of course, bringing it up to date. The opinion is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These

include "Clothes and the Woman"; London's Grand Guignol; "The Golden Moth"; "Paddy the Next Best Thing"; "Put and Take"; "Thank You, Phillips"; "The Edge o' Beyond"; "Cairo"; "She Stoops to Conquer"; "Charley's Aunt"; "The Speckled Band"; and "Peter Pan." It must be added that none of these "mentions" is paid for. Miss Joan Emney is to be in "The Babes in the Wood," at the New Oxford.



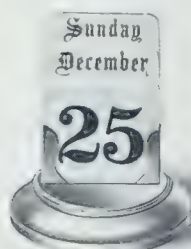
Pierced Silver Sweetmeat Dish. 3 1/2 in. diam.
£1 5 0



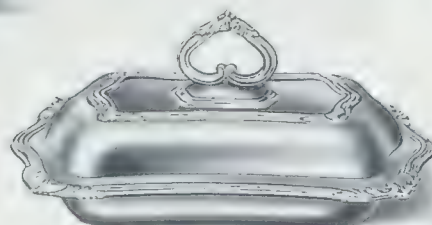
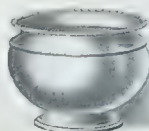
Sterling Silver Tea Set. 1 1/2 pints size. 3 pieces.
£13 10 0



Sterling Silver Butter Dish with Fork, Glass Lining.
£1 18 6



Sterling Silver Perpetual Calendar.
15/-



Mappin Plate Entrée Dish, 10 1/2 in. diam. (Cover may be used as a separate dish by removing handles.)
£5 5 0

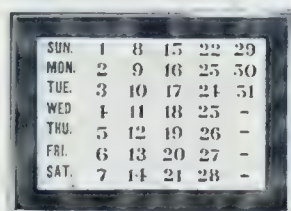


Cut Glass Preserve Jar, with Silver Lid and Spoon.
£1 15 0

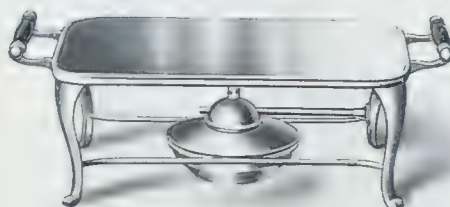


Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, single row.

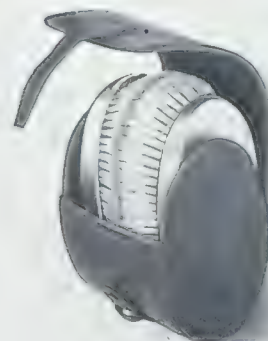
	Engine turned.	Plain.
To hold 5	£2 2 0	£1 15 0
" 6	2 10 0	2 0 0
" 8	3 3 0	2 7 6
" 10	5 10 0	2 12 6



Tortoiseshell and Silver Perpetual Calendar. Size 5 x 4 1/2 ins.
£2 5 0



Prince's Plate Heating Stand, with Improved Lamp.
11 x 7 ins. ... £5 5 0
18 x 9 ins. ... 7 7 0



Pair of Engine-turned Sterling Silver Brushes, in Case.
£7 10 0



Tortoiseshell and Silver Toilet Service, in Velvet-lined Case.
£18 18 0



Tortoiseshell Cigarette Case, inlaid 18-ct. Gold.
£10 10 0



Christmas Gifts
Catalogues Post Free

MAPPIN & WEBB
Ltd

172, Regent St., W.1. 2, Queen Victoria St., E.C.4. 158-162, Oxford St., W.1.
London.

Manufactory
The Royal Works, Sheffield.

Branches
Paris, Rome, Buenos Aires.



TO SING AT A CONCERT ON CHRISTMAS DAY: MISS CLARA EVELYN, THE WELL-KNOWN SOPRANO.

Miss Clara Evelyn the well-known soprano is going to spend Christmas at the Overstrand Hotel Cromer, where a number of people will be gathered for the festive season. She will help to entertain the guests at a concert on Christmas Day, where Mr. Gordon Cleather will also appear. The Overstrand Hotel will be a gay place during the holiday for parlour games, a concert, and card games are among the Christmas Day attractions, and dances are fixed for Christmas Eve, Boxing Day, on the 27th and on New Year's Eve.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

which the Good Fairy told the Bad Fairy what she thought of him, and by the whole glorious five-hour adventure of Aladdin or Prince Charming or Whoever it was. Right up to the scene where all the giant mushrooms turned into battalions of marching ladies, and the characters of the Harlequinade got mixed up with the scene of the Banquet at the Baron's Palace.

You remember it? Of course you do. Well, that is the catch about Christmas. Or rather, the absence of that. Because we are to be asked to get from December 26 into 1922 without the assistance of those masters of the British drama, Mr. Arthur Collins and Mr. Frank Dix. There are no dresses by Comelli, no tunes by Mr. Glover. And then they call it Christmas!

The absence, abolition, suspension, or whatever it is, of Drury Lane Pantomime is really an outrage—a wanton defiance of popular taste by the people who seek to impose maudlin plays for children or Revues on an innocent public instead of what it really wants. Last

THE annual recurrence of national festivities enables the morose Englishman to proclaim at short but regular intervals that these occasions are Not So Good As They Were. That is how he takes his pleasures. Sadly, if you will. But with a certain gloomy satisfaction. Because for him even the brightest cloud has a sable lining. If not crêpe.

And there is a catch about everything. Even about Christmas—no, subtle reader who foresees every turn and twist of an exhausted writer's invention, no, this is not going to turn under your eyes into an essay upon Income Tax, writs, and other symptoms of a British festive season. Wrong this time. The catch about Christmas is something quite different. And far more fundamental. Like this.

When we were all young and the snow used to lie feet deep outside whilst the Yule log crackled merrily on the open hearth of the old manor, there used to be something called a Pantomime. Just off the Strand, where the pavements were covered with bits of cabbage. Drury Lane they used to call it. And one remembers the thrill of hearing someone say it to a cabman.

And one used to hear there the tunes of the year played by an orchestra of unequalled resonance under the languid bâton of Mr. Glover.

Followed by that short dark scene in

year it was bad enough, with a pale ghost of Pantomime at Covent Garden.

But now, with nothing, how are we to get on? There should really be some competent authority to whom we could appeal when the popular taste is so outrageously disregarded. Let's all write to the Lord Chamberlain about it and get him to refuse to license theatres between December and March except for the purposes of the legitimate Pantomime.

And where, oh where, have all our sound Pantomimists gone? Where Miss Marie Blanche and Mr. Stanley Lupino and Miss Lily Long and Whimsical Walker? They—or pale shadows of them—may appear on other boards. But it is only at Drury Lane that they have their real existence. And to Drury Lane they should be carried by indignant mobs, there set upon the stage, and told to get at it.

It is a real, a serious grievance, this absence of Pantomime from its home. What happens to the record-breakers, the intrepid souls who emerge from their retreats each winter to tell us that they have seen every Pantomime since 1878? Are they to stop at home for ever? And the rest of us—nice, normal people—are we to have nothing of the old joys of Drury Lane?

Vox Populi, vox: . . . So let them repent in time and run up a hasty Pantomime at the first mutter of our indignation. Because the people of England have waited long enough, and they will not wait in vain. (*Loud cheers, during which the Right Hon. Gentleman resumed his seat. Mr. Arthur Collins was seen leaving the building in disguise.*)



THE WENDY OF THIS YEAR'S "PETER PAN": MISS SYLVIA OAKLEY.

The production of "Peter Pan" took place on the afternoon of Dec. 15, at the St. James's. Our photograph shows this year's charming Wendy, Miss Sylvia Oakley.

Photograph by Dorothy Wilding.

nothing of the old joys of



AT THE "PEARS" RECEPTION: THE "CO-OPTIMISTS" SUPPER PARTY.

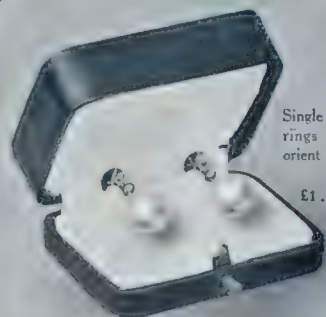
The "Pear's Annual" Dinner and Reception given by the Directors of A. and F. Pears, Ltd., to the contributors of "Pear's Annual," was a very gay and successful function, attended by quite 700 guests. Our photograph shows the "Co-Optimists" party at the entertainment, which was held at the Carlton. Miss Phyllis Monkman is seated on the right of the photograph, next to Mr. Laddie Cliff, and surrounded by other members of the clever company.—[Photograph by P.P.A.]

And this is a Really Serious Complaint. From the heart. And we mean every word of it. Because National Institutions must not be permitted to lapse at the bidding of indigent shareholders or exigent theatre-landlords, or whoever is responsible for our Present Discontents.

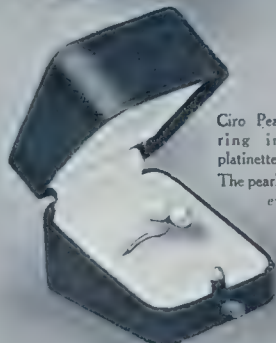
British folklore is far too important a matter to be left at the mercy of these soulless and mercenary characters. And, as Sir James Craig used to say, We Won't Have It. That, of course, was before he got it. And we mean to get it, too. And Lots of it. With a transformation scene. And a Grand March of the Allies—including Tino and the Kemalists. Not to mention the Robbers' Cave (by Harker), and a song about the Prince of Wales—with sobverse on his sister. That is the stuff and the only stuff, and nothing but the stuff.

Xmas

Gifts



Single Giro Pearl earrings of marvellous orient on solid gold mounts.
£1.1.0 per pair.



Giro Pearl cross-over ring in gold or platINETE. £1.1.0
The pearls will deceive experts



Gold Bar Brooch with unique Giro Pearl.
£1.1.0



Gold Scarf-pin with marvellous pear-shaped or round Giro pearl.
£1.1.0

Express Your Thought in Giro Pearls

and the success of your Xmas Gift is assured.

Ciro Pearl gifts are a lasting reminder of the thought and good taste of the donor.

What more pleasing Yuletide token than an exquisite necklet or any other jewel of Giro Pearls?

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a 16-inch Giro Pearl Necklet with snap, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Giro Pearl Jewel (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within 15 days and we will refund your money. Above necklet supplied in any other length at an additional cost of 1/4 per inch. Special solid gold safety clasp 2/6 extra. Attractive cases supplied with all goods, but specially fine cases, 2/- extra. Necklet cases, 3/6.

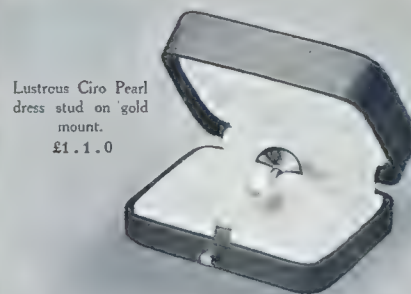
New descriptive Booklet No. 5 just published (sent post free)

CIRO PEARLS, LTD (Dept. 5),
39, Old Bond Street (Piccadilly End).

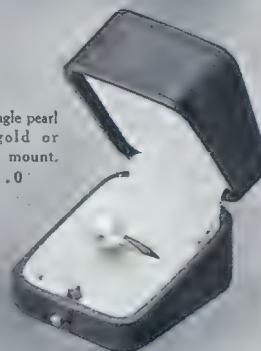
Our Showrooms are on the 1st Floor
over Lloyd's Bank.



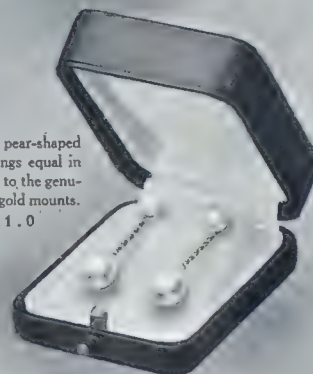
Illustration of our marvellous 16 in. Giro Pearl Necklet. £1.1.0
Other lengths at proportionate rates.



Lustrous Giro Pearl dress stud on gold mount.
£1.1.0



Beautiful single pearl ring on gold or platINETE mount.
£1.1.0



Round or pear-shaped drop ear-rings equal in all respects to the genuine. Solid gold mounts.
£1.1.0



Distinctive platINETE brooch with 3 Giro Pearls copied from the genuine. £1.1.0

Through a Glass Lightly

YOU may or may not believe this; but, considering the fact of what theatrical managers are pleased to call the Christmas slump, the thing is at least possible. Business at a certain London theatre was so bad that in the stalls one night were only two people. One of them was a guest of the management. The other was a provincial who had actually paid for a seat. The play went on, as, somehow, plays do go on, until the tense scene in the second act. It was a great moment. Both the stalls audience were enthralled. And there was silence in the whole house—a silence that was broken by the heavy thud of a commissioner's footsteps down the centre aisle of the stalls. The commissioner went straight to the man who held a free seat, and whispered hoarsely: "Sorry, Sir; but a 'phone message 'as just come through to say as 'ow your 'ouse is on fire." The guest of the management got up immediately and bolted out of the theatre, closely followed by the man from the provinces who had paid for his seat. He went out to look at the fire.

It's a hard world—the stage.

It's nice to know that they're taken the ire out of Ireland.

She was quite an amateur at the game, but liked him to know that she knew more about golf than she did. They went round the course together and found themselves at one point near the edge of a barnyard. They were looking for the tenth lost ball. He, being a "regular" player, found the ball and, turning to his companion, said dejectedly: "H'm! If ever there was one, this is it!" She looked at the poor ball and then round about her, prettily murmuring: "What do you mean about this being *it* if ever there was one?" Readjusting his clubs, he said sadly: "Well, we've come to a dead stymie." At that she brightened up and said, with delicious feminine I-told-you-so assurance: "Oh, that's what it is? I thought I could smell something."

The least that a man can do for a good friend is the most that he can do for himself.

The woman who looks at a strange man twice is trying to remember someone. When a man looks at a strange woman twice he is forgetting someone.

The joy of a Christmas party so often depends upon the way in which one of the party parts.

ANY HUSBAND TO ANY WIFE.

Ah, love of my life; ah, heart of my soul!
This much I declare is true:
The happiest hours I've spent are those
I ought to have spent with you.

There are more lovers in the world than there are loved. Hence the Law Courts.

A Welshman came to London—from Wales—to spend Christmas. He was surprised to find the climate agreeable. It hurled him into Celtic rhapsodies. He had expected to find thick, black fog and general gloom. But, riding on the top of a bus along resplendent Piccadilly, he felt the breath of his own sunlit valleys. So he burst into poetry and shouted, at the height of his vocal powers, lines from his favourite poet in Welsh. It wouldn't be fair to print just what he said. You must imagine a succession of sounds such as only a Welshman can make, and yet, by them, mean something beautiful. An un-understanding Cockney sitting behind remarked to an equally un-understanding friend: "S y, guv'ner, who's hurt 'im? Wot's 'e bein' so quarrelsome abaht?"

Sic transit gloria Cymru.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. JOHN H. BRUCE: MISS CYNTHIA AINSLIE.

Miss Cynthia Ainslie is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Grant Duff Ainslie, of 4, Staveley Road, Eastbourne, and grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ainslie, of Delgaty Castle, Aberdeenshire. Her engagement to the Hon. John H. Bruce, second surviving son of Lord and Lady Aberdare, has been announced.—[Photograph by Lafayette.]

No more of this saloon-bar stuff. I know I went out for some definite purpose to-night. But what the deuce was it?"

A man can always pretend that he believes; but a woman invariably believes what she knows she is only pretending.

There was a young lady called Psyche
Who was got up regardlessly hyche.
Her clothes would enhance
The exclusivest dance;

But her bath-dress was simply—oh, Cryche! SPFX.



PHYLLIS MONKMAN says :
'VOCALION' DANCE RECORDS
provide a perfect dancing accompaniment.

"Kindly keep me provided with your latest lists of 'Vocalion' Dance Records. I find your Records exactly suited to my purpose, as they provide a perfect accompaniment for dancing—they have that rhythm and lilt which only the most expert orchestra can render."

Yours truly (Signed)

Phyllis Monkman

Write for List of latest 'Vocalion' Dance Successes.

The AEOLIAN 'VOCALION.' The perfect gramophone for the Home. While the Aeolian 'Vocalion' plays all standard records with a truth and purity unknown to other gramophones, it is heard to full perfection when playing the wonderful 'Vocalion' Records. 'VOCALIONS' are priced from 12 guineas upwards.



THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, LTD.,
Aeolian Hall,
NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

And all principal London and Provincial Music Dealers.





EVERYBODY has booked a table in one of the restaurants which open on Christmas Eve at midnight. In England, Christmas is—or used to be—essentially a domestic occasion, a time to be spent at home. Times, I am told, have changed a little in this respect, and even in London there are festivities in public places. But still the real Christmas note is the mistletoe in the hall, the family turkey and plum-pudding, the gathering together of parents and children, maiden aunts and bachelor uncles, the innocent fun of musical chairs and crackers; whereas in Paris there is all that hectic gaiety which is so much deplored by those old-fashioned folk who imagine merriment to be shocking if indulged in among a promiscuous crowd.

You do not know your neighbour at the next table. You look on at the pranks of strangers. You help to provide amusement for other onlookers who have no relationship, family or friendly, with you. I can quite understand that the clannish instincts of the British—for we are clannish, whether we come from this or that side of the Tweed—revolt at the gregariousness of the French. The French are fond of company. You cannot travel in a train and glower darkly at your *compagnon de voyage* for two hundred kilometres. You cannot bury yourself savagely behind your newspaper. Cheerfulness and sociability will break in. You simply must talk about the weather, which is puzzling and changeable, and so by a natural transition get on to the eternal topic of woman. You must exchange notes on politics. Some of the most entertaining conversations I have ever had on pictures and books and plays have been with passing acquaintances.

So why not this midnight meal in brightly illuminated and decorated restaurants? Why not this tossing of balloons, this dressing up in clownish caps, this comic dancing, this hilarity, which is entirely forgetful of the fact that one is with people to whom one has never been introduced—and to whom, indeed, on other occasions one would not care to be introduced? An old bit of doggerel comes back into my mind:

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Not that I would have it understood that I have any pretensions to wisdom, or that I condescend to nonsense. It just comes natural-like.

On the boulevards the traditional booths have been erected, and every cheap-jack article imaginable is displayed—sham jewellery, and combs, and gaudy pipes that every smoker would disdain (who buys these fancy pipes?). And in the shops what a wealth of toys, and of perfumes, and of bonbons, and of gorgeous dresses! The Paris women, I am told, are just crazy about Russian blouses. Not just the *casques* which have been in vogue so long, but the real right

thing, gorgeously embroidered in the brightest colours—broad bands of mingled red and green and yellow. They seem to me to be shapeless, straight-falling and waistless. And what prices! They run up to £30! The Grand Duchess Marie Palovna, who organised the bazaar at the Union Interalliée, helped to make them popular, and the Princess Olga Ouroussoff founded an establishment where the Russian tunics are made. When I have finished this article I have to go out to find something a little cheaper in the Russian blouse line. That is one of the joys of Christmas!



THE CHARMING DANCER OF CLARIDGES':
MISS MOSS.

Miss Moss is the delightful dancer who is appearing at Claridges'. Our photograph shows her in a particularly fascinating dress with "Infanta" hips. It is designed and made by Charlotte, 55, Champs Elysées, Paris.

Photograph by Sabourin.

Then we have a new little doll, which I suppose will figure on all the midnight tables. The successor to Caroline (or perhaps I should say rival, for Caroline still exhibits her *papier-mâché* tummy with all the shamelessness of yore, and under the pseudonym of Kiss-Me, sometimes sports a tiny veil) is Nikki. Nikki is a charming little fellow of porcelain. He has black Japanese hair, and Japanese eyebrows, and fat Japanese arms, and holds a Japanese fan. He has chubby cheeks and round open mouth. He wears a Japanese satin coat, and sits with his plump little legs tucked under him. In these days, when women are interesting themselves in politics, I presume that Nikki is the feminine commentary on the Washington Conference.

Then there have been created for the Christmas season a number of new dances, of which the polka-criolla and the balancello are the chief. The polka-criolla is said to be the gayest thing yet invented. A maximum of effect is obtained by a minimum of effort. If this is true, it will certainly be a change from the athletic performances that have been demanded in places where they dance, for some years. As I have not yet seen this new dance, I am unable to predict whether it will replace the shimmy and the tango. But the balancello will certainly have some vogue. It has been approved by the professors, and its languorous slow movements are declared to be easily acquired.

As for the theatres this Christmas, they are full of the most sensational plays. The Grand Guignol for once has gone too far, and it is not surprising that the audience resented the realistic representation of a guillotine scene. No longer does the head fall in full view of the audience, but there are still plenty of thrills. Then in "La Danseuse Rouge," at the Renaissance, M. Charles-Henry Hirsch tells a story similar to that of the unhappy Mata-Hari, the dancer who was executed for espionage. The author denies that he derived his inspiration from this tragic affair, but a league of former combatants protest against the sympathetic treatment of the chief character. Cora Laparcerie, who is really a powerful actress, does not, however, mind the discussions, for everyone is rushing to see her as La Danseuse Rouge.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



ARBUTHNOT.

Traceful lines ingratiate the artistic simplicity of this delightful

Condor Hat

worn by the fascinating Spanish dancer Malle Trini.

Condor Hats are produced by —
J. & K. CONNOR, LTD.

SOLD BY — Leading Milliners the World over.
(Name of your Nearest Retailer furnished on Request)

MOTOR DICTA



CHRISTMAS AS USUAL: 'WARE LICENSES. By GERALD BISS.

ONE thing which is inevitable, good years and bad alike, is silly old, jolly old, merry old Christmas, when you close your front door upon the income-tax extortioner and your other minor creditors, and drown your sorrows in the wassail bowl or some less deadly decoction. But closing your door upon such intruders nowadays is merely a figure of speech, as in these new times one rather sallies forth freely and enjoys the brief truce; and it is only old fogeys who turkey-and-plum-pudding at home—a deadly dull

proceeding which never fails to shock the precocious bratlings of this half-baked period of transition. All the once more fully licensed victuallers of high degree are laying themselves out to snatch by guile the last few pounds of this lean year now on the run, thanks be! Moreover, supper is still more or less of a novelty after the dark ages, so this Yule is by way of being a bit of a revival. Christmas—or rather, Boxing Day, upon which Christmas will be most generally celebrated, owing to its Sabbatarian incidence this year—will be a big night; but the R.A.C., of particular interest to motorists, is banking rather upon New Year's Eve, ever its favourite night before the war. That evening there should be a vast gathering of the auto clans within the Marble Palace in Pall Mall, as the fun promises to be long and furious. It starts with a gala dinner in the restaurant and the great gallery at 7.30, followed by a swimming-bath interlude at 9.30 to cool folk down—high diving, swimming races, greasy poles, and all the usual aquatic varieties.

At 11 a big ball in the great gallery; and at midnight, to the call of the silver trumpets of the Life Guards, dancing will cease for a minute or two while all assemble in the central hall and sing "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne." Then more dancing, supper, and merry-making, which I think will be fully justified, when we have got this thoroughly shocking old year finally deposited upon Father Time's scrap-heap. It ought to be some night, and they tell me that the booking is going strong and the number of giddy revellers strictly limited, so be wise in time and book early.

Clubs and Subs. Of course, there is always one drawback to every New Year, however bad the old one may have been, and that is club subscriptions to be disgorged. However,

in the case of the R.A.C., especially as things go nowadays, this cannot be considered expensive, remembering the variety in value you get, even if it only be to gaze with jealous awe at some of the post-war prodigies eating their soup who made a profit out of their own country—but that's another question. Above all, there is thrown in the magnificent country club at Woodcote Park, with its fine house, beautiful grounds, and facilities for all sorts of games. Of course, as at all similar clubs, there is a daily fee for outdoor games; but in the R.A.C. country club there is a system of a member's annual pass at three guineas covering the whole lot, as and when and however often exercise appeals—an excellent scheme, to my mind, and cheap for regular users.

New Licenses for Old.

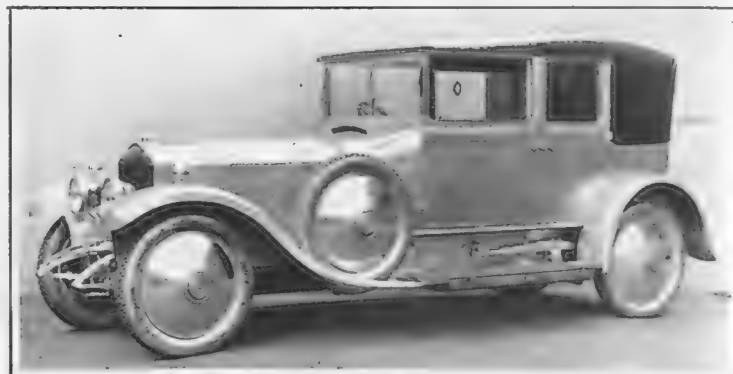
As in the old proverb, foolish virgins who omit to put kerosene in their lamps will always get caught on the hop and be left to come home in the dark. The same with dilatory automobilists who do not prevent trouble by taking out their new car licenses in good time. There are some 800,000 motor licenses which expire on Dec. 31, and naturally it takes even our greedy, over-staffed authorities some little time to rake in so much ill-gotten gain. So unless, dear reader, you want to find your auto immobilised in its own garage and out of commission at the beginning of the year, for some days perchance, if not possibly weeks, apply early in your own interests, and send renewal form



A NEW KNIGHT WHO IS
A KEEN MOTORIST: SIR
CHARLES F. HIGHAM.

Sir Charles Frederick Higham, M.P., is one of the new knights. He is the Member for South Islington, and is a well-known publicity agent. He was given his honour on the occasion of the termination of the post-war work of the Ministry of Transport, and in recognition of his services to that Ministry. Sir Charles is a keen motorist.

Photograph by Hay Wrightson.



SIMILAR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES' CAR: A BARKER-BUILT
CABRIOLET ROLLS-ROYCE EXHIBITED AT THE CALCUTTA SHOW.

The firm of Rolls-Royce are exhibiting two models at the Calcutta Motor Show, which opens on Dec. 19. Our photograph shows a Barker-built cabriolet, similar to that recently supplied to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. It has a polished aluminium finish, and special goat-skin upholstery. The chassis is, of course, the 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce of the latest type.—[Photograph by Campbell Gray.]

R.F.I.A., if there have been no change of ownership during the past year of disgrace, or the declaration form of change of ownership since the last license was taken out; also the "autobiography" or registration book of the vehicle, the old license (for post office renewals only), and—here's the rub—the amount of duty. Except in cases where there has been a change of ownership, renewals can be effected at any principal post-office. With this first renewal season it will be interesting to see whether the registration-book system, which was to do so much to protect motorists against possible theft, will result in the discovery of many thieves or stolen cars. Certainly there have been far fewer autos pinched during the past year since the institution of the new system; but one is tempted to ask whether it be a case of *propter hoc* or *post hoc*. My own view is that, with such heavy licensing and other expenses, and such a general shortage of money, upkeep is too expensive to make car-stealing a hobby worth the while of anyone but a millionaire!

Brooklands, 1922.

Brooklands, which is this month in the throes of being repaired, and will not be receiving visitors or record-breakers before the New Year, if then, has its next season's plans all cut and dried, and its dates fixed. The B.A.R.C. itself will hold its usual Bank Holiday meetings on April 17, June 5, and Aug. 7, with two Saturday afternoon meetings on adopted lines on May 13 and Oct. 14; and on Sept. 16, there will be a long-distance race for two or three litre cars. On July 15, the Junior Car Club will repeat its 1½-litre long-distance race. In June, on the 20th and 22nd, the R.A.C. will hold its Tourist Trophy race in the Isle of Man for 3-litre cars and motor-cycles; and in July there will be the French 2-litre Grand Prix and the Grand Prix du Tourisme.



OFF FOR A SPIN IN THE PARK: LADY WARRENDER IN HER
WOLSELEY TWO-SEATER; AND MRS. FORBES.

Lady Warrender, the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, Bt., drives her Wolseley 10-h.p. two-seater herself. Our photograph, which was taken in the Park, shows Lady Warrender at the wheel. Mrs. Forbes is just stepping into the car to go for a spin.



The Gift of Gems and the Gem of Gifts

FOR Christmas, that season of conventional gifts, of surprises that do not surprise, of hopes that are ruined on familiar boxes that no secret or solace contain, what a revelation it will be to Her to find among her Christmas offerings a slender strand of Tecla Pearls from you, and to recognize among her admirers one man who speaks the language of gems!

*TECLA PEARL NECKLACES
with Genuine Diamond Clasps. from 10 Guineas*

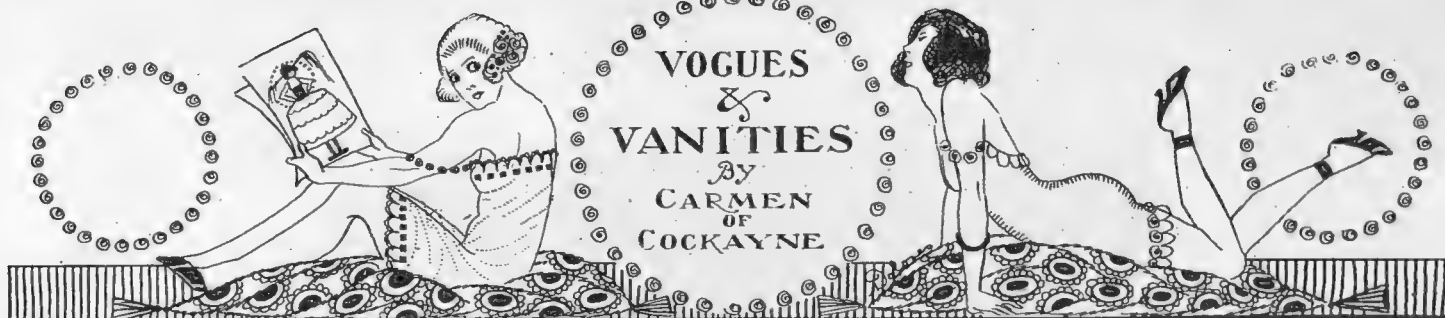
Tecla

7 Old Bond Street, London

10 Rue de la Paix, Paris

16 Avenue de Verdun, Nice

398 Fifth Avenue, New York



Last Moments. Only four—to be more accurate, three-and-a-half—days in which to get last-moment Christmas shopping done; and considering the information given in advance, I can't honestly say I feel sorry for the people who'll have to put up with the terrific struggle that's always waged just about this time. I shouldn't be at all surprised if it were more formidable than ever this year. Prices are down, and things are better, so what better inducement for shopping could be held out?

Royal Matters. Such talking and speculation about the royal wedding dress, with conjectures about the Queen's gown and bridesmaids' attire to add to the excitement. The actual wedding-dress has gone, according to expectations, to a Hanover Square firm, but I've heard rumours of other gowns being made by a Bond Street firm, so there's going to be some division of labour, at any rate.

About Furs. In nothing is the fall in price so marked as in furs, and you don't have to wait for a sale to discover the fact. A visit to the National Fur Store, 193, Brompton Road, S.W., will very soon convince the doubter that the reduction is genuine and, what is even more important, substantial. For example, an ermine wrap, cut on broad stole lines, with a fringe of tails at each end, costs 39 guineas. Now, last year that same wrap would have cost ninety, so the fall in this case is to less than half price.

Seal Coney. Or, again, seal coney, that before the war was a comparatively humble pelt, developed exalted notions of its own value in the war—notions, by the way, of which it is only now beginning to divest itself. Which leads up to the existence, at the store named, of a three-quarter-length coat in this fur, priced at 6½ guineas. The sleeves are cut in one with the coat, which is a delightful one for the walker, or the woman whose shopping expeditions have to be performed on foot. Skunk is another fur the price of which has fallen to a figure low enough to appeal to the woman with a moderate dress-allowance. Think of last year's prices and those of the year before, and compare them with 12½ guineas—the price asked for a five-strand skunk stole by the authorities at 193, Brompton Road.

White Wraps. White coney, much worn for the evening, is worth attention. One novel theatre wrap in this pelt is trimmed with lines of monkey fur and is in the fashionable wide stole shape. Stole wraps in beaver coney, with a long roll collar effect and a pocket on each of the stole ends, are the kind of Christmas present any woman would be glad to see come her way, and animal stoles in pointed fox never come amiss.

Weatherproof and Smart. No theory has been so thoroughly disproved as the one once commonly accepted that what was termed the outdoor woman must necessarily look unattractive. It wasn't the lady so much, but her clothes, which were nobody's concern, so that the poor dear, in her efforts to combine utility and *chic*, made the most lamentable mistakes. But Robert Heath, of 37 and 39, Knightsbridge, has changed all that, and even pith helmets become things of beauty under his magical influence. One need not necessarily be athletic to wear the newest reversible cap—unspottable velvet one side, satin in some other shade

the other. The brim is thoughtfully constructed so that it can be turned down to form a peak in front if the wearer likes, in bad weather, and expands at the sides. Personally, what strikes me most about the model is its compact shape, which does not prevent it from being



Velvet on one side, silk on the other; both weatherproof. Remember it comes from Robert Heath.



Of unspottable velvet from Robert Heath, this hat is a real boon to the out-of-doors woman and the motoring enthusiast. The brim can be worn turned down if the weather is bad.

an ideal hat to wear with a suit whether in London or the country. Dolores sketches this hat, together with another, different in shape but reversible, and made of the same weatherproof materials. The model can be had in several colours, and it's worth while noting that Robert Heath will make hats or caps from your own material to match your suit, or make you a suit with a hat to go with it.

Helmets Made Beautiful.

But about those pith helmets, so necessary to every traveller to the tropics. You can get them covered in tussore or drill, and Robert Heath has an ingenious method of covering a pith model with fine silky straw, so that you can indulge in a flower wreath for a trimming if you feel like it, and get your small daughter a similar model.

The Glove Suggestion.

There are people for whom it seems impossible to find a suitable present; but a really good pair of gloves is often a magical solution of the problem. Everyone will be delighted to receive a pair from Penberthy's, the famous Oxford Street house. What do you say to lovely Saxe mocha doe, with elastic wrists, lined with wool, and provided with deep fur tops, for 18s. 11d. or 17s. 6d.; or to finest mocha doe in tan, slate or brown, lined throughout with natural coney, for 21s. 9d.?



This coat in seal coney, glossy and lustrous, comes from the National Fur Company.

Foundations of Good Dressing.

Good corsets form the foundation of good dressing. And it is just here that the Worth Corset Company, of 3, Hamsell Street, E.C.1, are of such service to women. For their corsets fit every figure, and you can have them boned or boneless, according to your own notions of comfort. The ideal corset for the sporting woman is boneless, and

[Continued overleaf]

A Haig & Haig Caution



Here you see both sides of me.



A GENTLE WARNING TO THE PUBLIC IS NECESSARY. Unless you say HAIG *AND* HAIG you may get a less costly Whisky offered in substitution. When we say this we are thinking of you more than ourselves. We have plenty of sales—more than we can deal with—but unless you are careful you may get something else instead of the original

Haig & Haig Five Stars Scots Whisky

One Dozen costs you £7 16 0 (duty £5 1 6)
One Bottle „ „ 13/- („ 8/5½)
Let us bring you in touch with an Agent.

HAIG & HAIG LTD. (Distillers since 1679) 57 SOUTHWARK STREET

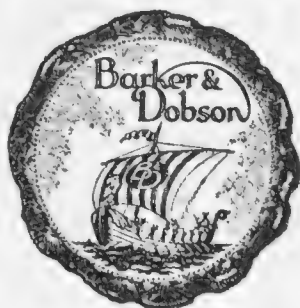
LONDON S.E. 1

"A little and good" is our motto. Better one glass of good Whisky than two glasses of doubtful quality.



Barker & Dobson Viking ASSORTED Chocolate

Sold in ½-lb., 1-lb.,
and 2-lb. boxes.



2/6, 5/- and 10/-,
and by weight.



What do you most like in chocolate ?

Is it a really choice roasted almond, delicately covered with chocolate ; or the thrill of a mellow, trickling fruit cream ; or a deliciously soft piece of stem ginger ; or a praline noisette ?

Imagine all of these and more in their most delightful form—delectable fillings lavishly coated with the purest, velvet - smooth chocolate — and you will find them temptingly displayed in a box of "Viking" assorted.

Your confectioner will have them—if he has not, write for name of nearest agent to

BARKER & DOBSON, Ltd.
EVERTON, LIVERPOOL.

Makers of high-class confectionery
before Victoria was Queen.

made in strong washing silk, and consists of a bust bodice and a support for four suspenders. It is hooked down the back, and has bands of elastic at the waist-line. Boneless corsets, too, can be had in strong tricot; and elastic models, that afford a maximum of support, and in many cases from a medical point of view are invaluable, are popular.

Something for Everyone.

It's not every purse that can run to satin brocade, so it's cheering to know that Worth's corsets can be had in batiste as well as tricot, and that those who like very small corsets can get the daintiest French ones in pale-pink silk elastic trimmed with tiny ribbon roses. The principal West End agents are Gorringe, and Robinson and Cleaver.

So Important.

Now, if only women would realise how important it is to keep their hair in good condition and their heads well dressed, there would be a lot more beauty in the world. And the thing is so simple. All that is necessary is a visit to Vasco, 16, Dover Street, W., who can be relied upon to provide a solution for every problem that affects the well-being of the hair. Supposing, for example, that nature has kindly given you good hair in abundance and made it straight. Vasco will remedy the deficiency by a permanent wave that lasts about six months, no matter how damp the weather or how frequent the washing. Vasco makes no secret about the matter; the success of the operation rests entirely with the operator, who prepares the hair before steaming it. Apparatus, machines, chandeliers, or heating-tubes, in his own words, "are solely mediums for imparting heat to produce steam." The moral is obvious—make sure that operators are competent. You need not be afraid, either, that your hair will suffer. Supposing it, from any cause, to be unsuited to the treatment, the authorities at 16, Dover Street will have no hesitation in pointing out the fact.

Further Considerations.

But permanent waving is only one side of the work of the artist in hair. Hair-work is an art in itself, and no one understands it better than M. Vasco, as many women to whom nature has not been particularly kind in this direction know by pleasant experience. Hair-dressing, too, is a specialty at these salons.



A powder-bowl of cut-glass containing the latest variety of powder-puffs is a Harrods specialty.

her Christmas shopping this week won't by any means find herself wishing she'd concluded the business earlier. Personally, I'd recommend the perfumery department—not because the others are not attractive, but because the term "perfumery" covers such a multitude of good things. One of the nicest things for a woman is the new powder-puff showing, instead of an ordinary handle, a porcelain figure of a woman dressed in the smartest and airiest of bathing-costumes. The swans-down puffs are blue, or white, or pink, and the lady's costume varies in colour, so that tastes and complexions can be suited. As to prices, the puffs are in three sizes, and cost 11s. 6d., 16s. 6d., and 19s. 6d. respectively, so that most purses can be suited. Really to complete the gift one might add a powder-bowl in cut or Venetian glass, in which the amethyst tone looks rather specially attractive. Then, again, there are alabaster glass bowls of all shapes and colours, so don't say the powder puff and box artist has not done his best.

Variety in Scent-Sprays.

Has it ever struck you why the old-fashioned scent-bottles had such extravagantly wide tops? The explanation is simple. Perfumes had not reached the high state of perfection they have now attained, and a little more or less on one's handkerchief made very little difference.



Waved as Vasco does it, with the permanent wave, makes all the difference to a woman's appearance.



Provided your hair is dressed to suit you, you're bound to look nice. Ask Vasco to advise.

Something Novel, Something New.

"Shop early" was the advice freely showered on women, and many of them have acted upon it. But though the proverb about the early bird getting the worm is generally correct, there are exceptions, and anyone who goes to Harrods', in Brompton Road, to finish off

But scent, these days (Harrods' Tudor Rose is a case in point), is the vital essence of the flower, hence a few drops suffice. So it's nice to know of the newest scent-containers, tall and gracefully shaped, of cut glass with gilt tops and "droppers," so that there is no waste of any kind. These bottles are 37s. 6d., and represent the newest comers in scent land, as do also the scent-sprays, of the same series so to speak, that cost 55s. 6d. Some of these are plain cut glass, with here and there a "frosted" flower; others have bands of coloured flowers against a plain background; but, plain or coloured, they are the kind of thing that any woman would love to see on her dressing-table.

So Decorative.

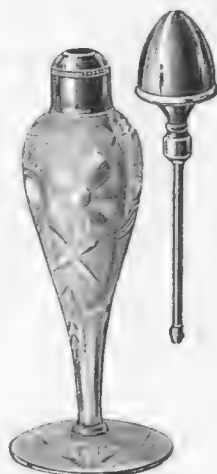
Besides the Tudor Rose, the starting price of which is 7s. 6d., there is the fascinating Silhouette perfume, so-called because of the decorative design that distinguishes the label. And, talking of decorative designs, one must remember the great square bottles of Eau-de-Cologne, with Paul Poiret decorations on the sides—bats, and cats, and birds, and so forth, in black and white and gold. Then there are the bath salts, and face and dusting powders, in the Tudor Rose, as well as in other perfumes. And then, again, there are the soaps and the dainty little vanity powder cases for one's handbag, and a thousand other delightful things.

Unseen Good Works.

No woman who dresses well ever disregards the importance of lingerie. There is neither sense nor reason in deliberately buying anything but pretty under-clothes when these can be had at moderate prices—yes, even if, as happens at Jenner's, Princes Street, Edinburgh, the model is a hand-made one, as well as hand-embroidered and trimmed with Cluny lace. A night-dress of this type costs but 25s., a chemise 12s. 9d., and other garments are marked at a proportionately low figure. Where hand-made lingerie is not insisted upon, prices are still more moderate; and, of course, the woman who wants Valenciennes and point-de-Venise, hand-drawn thread-work, or Irish crochet, has only got to say so.

Alternative Attractions.

But Jenner's, though lingerie specialists, are equally interested in and expert at attractive frocks, whether these take the form of dance gowns or are intended merely for rest hours; and I've no doubt that not a few readers would find much to interest them in a handy little booklet dealing, in part, with dressing-gowns—that need not, let me tell you, be unattractive, even if they are planned on utilitarian lines. For instance, a dressing-gown of satin finish Japanese silk, trimmed with hand-stitching, is attractive to the eye as well as useful; and, since it's only £4 9s. 6d., the woman who buys it can't be accused of extravagance. The dressing-jacket to match costs £2 5s.



The newest scent-containers from Harrods are tall and gracefully shaped cut-glass affairs, with gilt tops and "droppers."



Harrods scent-sprays are equally charming in cut glass, frosted glass, or adorned with bands of coloured flowers.

Real Lace Gifts.

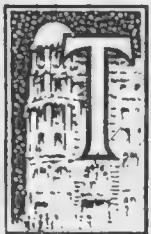
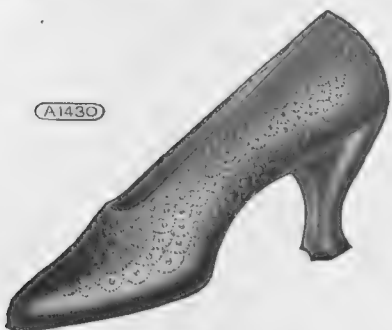
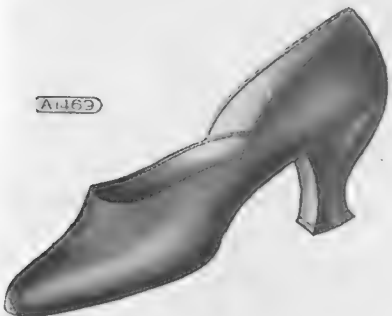
A visit to Steinmann and Co., 185-186, Piccadilly, is a necessity for every Christmas shopper who has to buy gifts for feminine friends. Real lace is always acceptable, and though it sounds a sumptuous material for gift purposes, one has only to visit Steinmann to find out that delightful trifles of real lace can be purchased at any price between 5s. and £20.

Sweet-Scented Memories.

There's no better Christmas gift for a woman than a bottle of perfume—she will dream of the giver in sweet-scented memories; but the scent must be of the best, and one can't go wrong if one selects a Floris perfume for a Christmas gift. The famous Jermyn Street house have Tea Rose, Rose Geranium, English Violets, and Roman Hyacinth among their scent suggestions.



Manfield's in Regent Street.



THE FAIRYLAND OF FOOTWEAR. This is an expression George R. Sims uses in giving his ideas on the Manfield Regent Street Salons. His book on the subject, with coloured views, will be sent to anyone interested.

But the place, and the service, exceptional though both are, really avail nothing except in so far as they represent the standard and the character of the GOODS supplied. A seasonable selection is shown in this group, sufficient to excite the natural desire to see more at the Salons. The PRICES that rule are by this time well known to be the same as at other Manfield Branches.

Manfield & SONS LTD

R672 - - 14/9
Quilted Satin Mule Slipper with Rosette in colours, Pink, Black, Mauve, and Purple.

A1459 - - 52/9
Bronze Satin Open Bar Beaded Embroidery, Rosette on Bar, also in Black Satin, Steel Beads.

R346 - - 44/9
Black Satin Fan Tongue Court, Louis XV. Heel, Also in Nigger Satin.

R683 - - 24/9
Quilted Satin Bootie, Fur bound in colours, White, Pale Blue, Black, Rose, Purple, and Wedgwood.

A1424 - - 24/9
White Satin Whole Cut Court Shoe, Louis XV. Heel, untrimmed also in Black Satin.

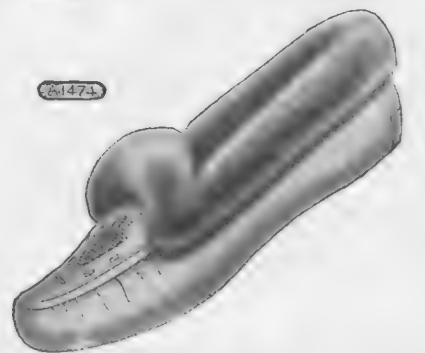
A1430 - - 62/9
Black Satin Embroidered Court, Latest Paris model, also Navy Blue & White Satin Embroidery with Gold and Silver Beads.

A1469 - - 29/9
Bronze Glace Grecian Slipper also in Blue and Crimson.

R831 - - 42/9
Black Satin Sabot Court, Black and Gold Brocade Band, and Heel.

R612 - - 74/9
Bronze Open Bar Dress Shoe, Bronze Beaded Embroidery. The vogue in the Ballroom.

A1474 - - 22/9
Brown Leather Moccasin Fur bound Slipper. Beaded embroidery.



If unable to call, write to the Postal Department, enclosing remittance, giving number and size of foot. Remittance returned if goods not entirely satisfactory.

Manfield & Sons, Ltd,
170 Regent St., London, W.1

OUR £100 COMPETITION.

ANSWER THESE THREE QUESTIONS:—

1. *What feature, from the literary, artistic, or printing point of view, do you think best in "The Sketch"?*
2. *What feature, from the same points of view, do you like least in "The Sketch," or would prefer to be omitted from its pages?*
3. *What feature not at present published in "The Sketch" would you like to see introduced?*

No literary, technical, or artistic talent is required. Study of the paper and common-sense are alone needed.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS (£100) WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE THREE BEST ANSWERS from any one reader to the three questions printed here. It must be understood, of course, that the Editor's decision as to the winner of the prize is final and cannot be discussed.

Each set of questions and answers should be written on a sheet of paper and signed with a pen-name. Another sheet of paper should bear your pen-name and your actual name and address. Thus:

SHEET 1.

1. *The feature I like best in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
2. *The feature I like least in "The Sketch" is (e.g. "Motley Notes"); because, etc., etc.*
3. *The feature I should like added to "The Sketch" is, etc., etc.*

.....
(Signed)
CROIX DE GUERRE.

SHEET 2.

CROIX DE GUERRE.

ADAM ABEL,

3917, Blank Grove,
W.

On receipt of these, the sheets will be separated, and the Editor will only see the pages signed with the pen-name. This is so that the Editor of *The Sketch* may not know to whose opinion he has given the prize, until after he has given the decision. Thus he will judge without knowing whose opinion he has seen.

The name of the winner and his, or her, address will be published; but, obviously, not the suggestions.

NOTE.—All answers must reach "The Sketch" Office, 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, before Jan. 1, 1922. They should be addressed, "Competition," "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.



Get Your

SPORTS SUIT

Waterproofed

Golfers and all outdoor men fully realise the benefit it would be to have their Suit Waterproof, making them practically independent of the weather.




is an entirely new invention, by which Suits are converted into rain-resisting garments at the cost of a few shillings. Exclusively our own process. No shrinking. Send your suit to-day. You'll find it worth while.

	Cleaning & Water- proofing
Golf Jackets ..	6/- 7/6
Gentlemen's Suits ..	9/6 12/6
Ladies' Costumes, from ..	9/- 12/6
Ladies' Evening Cloaks, from	10/6 12/6

Return Postage Paid.

STEVENSONS, DUNDEE.
Art Dyers and Dry Cleaners.

STEVENSONS FOR QUALITY



Among the Stetson styles stocked by most hatters are shapes particularly suitable to meet the requirements of the more conservative.

You are sure to see Stetson Hats wherever well-dressed gentlemen congregate.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, U.S.A.
Office and Showrooms (Wholesale)
70 New Bond Street, London, W. 1

STETSON HATS

Personality

A woman's personality is expressed in a hundred different ways, one being by the Furs she wears. Our Furs embody all the characteristics which go to give this personality on account of their exclusiveness and exquisiteness of detail.

A charming and distinctive Stole in Real Cross Fox, made from whole skins, silky and nicely marked.

Price - - - 8½ Gns.

THE NATIONAL FUR COMPANY

193 BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON S.W.
20 HIGH STREET, CARDIFF
15 MARKET STREET, LEICESTER

NO MORE WRINKLES

REMOVED ONCE AND FOR ALL by using
CLEOPATRA COMPLEXION MASK

Made of specially prepared rubber, treated with medicinal herbs, as used by the women of ancient Egypt for preserving the beauty of their complexions. The Mask needs only to be worn a short time, day or night, to clear wrinkles, lines and all blemish.

FREE Booklet on care of the face 2 penny stamps.

BRIT. INST. SCIENCE,
3, Bank Buildings, The Terrace,
London, N.W.6.



"It melts in the mouth."

MELTIS

(Regd.)

CHOCOLATE

Made by PEEK FREAN in the
following varieties:—

"FAMILY" (Plain), NUT, MILK, NUT MILK,
COCOANUT MILK. Also SUPREME ASSORTED CHOCOLATES.



The "LOWTHER."

ROBERT HEATH'S Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest Soft Felt "Pull-On" Hat. Beautifully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, made in one quality only, THE SUPERFINE. A most becoming Riding Hat, secure fitting, and for all sporting occasions, golf, tennis, etc.; the brim being quite flexible, it can be adjusted to suit the wearer and will also roll up to carry in the pocket. In nigger, tan, light brown, grey, mole, steel grey, black, white, champagne, lemon, and a variety of art shades. Price 42/-

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topes, and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

A selection of any Hats sent, with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath Ltd. have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the addresses given below.

To
H.M. Queen
Alexandra,
H.M. the Queen
of Norway.

ROBERT HEATH

of Knightsbridge.



ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

Those Who Like to Keep Glowingly Warm

in spite of Winter's bitter blasts, wisely provide themselves with a

BURBERRY OVERCOAT WEATHERPROOF

the finest safeguard against the damp, chilly atmosphere of the British Isles.

DRY, COMFORTING WARMTH is the predominating attribute of a Burberry Top-coat. Comforting Warmth, because dry. Dry, because damp is excluded. Healthfully dry, because natural warmth, drives out any moisture passing from the body.

BURBERRY PROOFING maintains the ventilation natural to woven fabrics while rendering them antagonistic to damp. It is

THE PROOFING COMBINED WITH SPECIAL WEAVING that makes the Burberry Overcoat so delightfully warming, and such a magnificent protection against

WINTER'S CHILLING WINDS AND DRIVING RAINS.

Catalogue and Patterns Post Free.

BURBERRYS



Every Burberry Garment bears a Burberry Label.

The Race Weatherall

"An excellent coat. In extreme cold invaluable to keep out a biting wind." (Capt.) W. T. L.

HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON

Bd. Malesherbes PARIS: and Agents in Provincial Towns
Burberrys Ltd.

Knightsbridge the Centre of Fashion

WOOLLANDS

The Centre of Knightsbridge.

Beautiful Old Lace Covers as Gifts.

XMAS BAZAAR

NOW OPEN

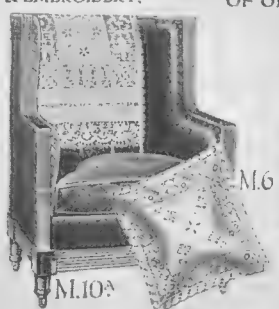
An interesting and abundant selection of choice novelties to suit all tastes. Articles of artistic refinement and practical utility. Book of Xmas Gifts full of happy suggestions sent post free.



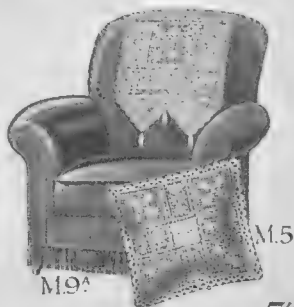
M.9 SETTEE COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE, 40 x 21 INS. 17/11. M.4 Dainty cushion cover, with file motifs & embroidery, 24 x 24 INS. 59/6.



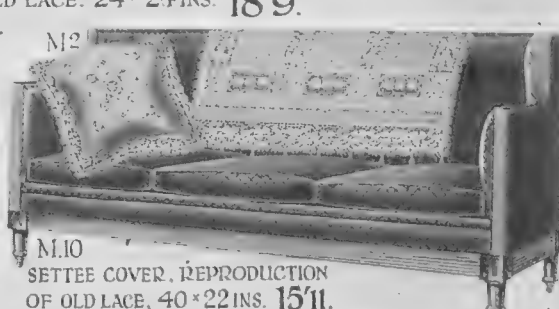
STRIPED VELOUR CUSHION, CORDED EDGE, IN VARIOUS COLORS. 24 x 24 INS. 16/11.



M.6 CUSHION COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE, 24 x 24 INS. 15/11.

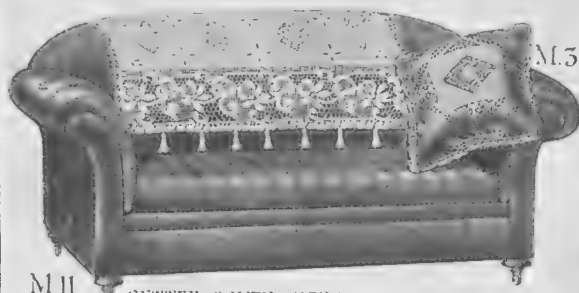


M.5 CUSHION COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE, 24 x 24 INS. 18/9.



M.10 SETTEE COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE, 40 x 22 INS. 15/11.

M.2 BEAUTIFULLY EMBROIDERED OPEN WORK CUSHION COVER, REAL CLINY LACE BORDER 24 x 24 INS. 69/6.



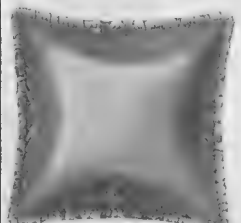
M.11 SETTEE COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE, 38 x 18 INS. 11/9. M.3 HANDSOME CUSHION COVER, ITALIAN FILET CENTRE & LACE EDGE WITH CLINY MOTIFS 24 x 24 59/6.



M.11A CHAIR BACK TO MATCH 5/11. CUSHION COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE 24 x 24 INS. 16/11.

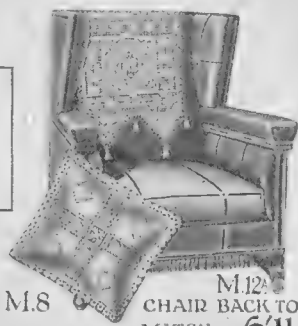


M.15 SHOT SILK CUSHION, RUCHED CORDED EDGE FILLED DOWN. 24 x 24 INS. 42/9.



M.16 PLAIN JAP SILK CUSHION, WITH NARROW FRILL, ALL COLORS 22 x 22 INS. 15/11.

DELIGHTFUL GIFTS IN THE HOUSEHOLD LINEN DEPARTMENT



M.8 CUSHION COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE, 24 x 24 INS. 17/9.



M.12 SETTEE COVER, REPRODUCTION OF OLD LACE, 45 x 22 INS. 16/11. M.1 REAL LACE & HAND EMBROIDERED CUSHION COVER 24 x 24 INS. 89/6.

Brush your
Teeth this
Way

Not
This
Way

To clean the teeth properly, brush the upper teeth downward and the lower teeth upward, and remember

The
Right brush
is as important
as the Right
dentifrice,

and the right brush to use is the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. The tufted bristles really clean between the teeth, and the curved handle makes it possible to clean even the backs of the back teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

GENUINE only in YELLOW Box

Decayed teeth ruin appearance and health. Use the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"A clean tooth never decays."

Adult's, youth's and child's sizes. Hard, medium or soft bristles—one quality only—always in the YELLOW box.. 3/=-

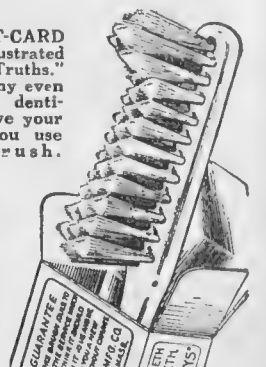
At all Chemists, Stores, etc.,

or, if any difficulty, sent post free on receipt of price.

SEND A POST-CARD for free illustrated booklet "Tooth Truths." You will see why even your favourite dentifrice cannot save your teeth unless you use the right brush.

Free by
Return.

William E. Peck
& Co., Inc.,
31, Bartholomew
Close, London,
E.C.1.



Manufactured by Florence Mfg. Co., Mass., U.S.A.

WOOLLAND BROS. Ltd., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

£250

FACSIMILE
OF
BAND

HURCULACES

FACSIMILE
OF
BAND*The Lace with the Extra Long Wear*

LAST TWO WEEKS "SLOGAN" COMPETITION

LAST TWO WEEKS

1st PRIZE, £100 CASH. 2nd PRIZE, £50 CASH. 3rd PRIZE, £25 CASH.
CONSOLATION PRIZES, 500 useful articles valued at 3/- each.

CONDITIONS

1. You may submit one or more attempts, but each Slogan must be accompanied by three Hurculaces bands, one band will be found on every pair of Hurculaces purchased.
2. Obtain a receipt from the shopkeeper from whom you purchase the laces and send this with your entry as there are special prizes for the dealer who supplies the Hurculaces to the winners of 1st, 2nd, 3rd prizes.
3. All Slogans for which prizes are awarded become the property of Faire Bro's & Co., Limited, the manufacturers of Hurculaces.
4. The Judges of this contest will be the Editor of the "Leicester Mail" and the Directors of Faire Bro's & Co. Limited, whose decision must be accepted by competitors as absolutely final.
5. Entries should be addressed to HURCULACES, Faire Bro's & Co., Ltd., Leicester, marking your envelope "Slogan Competition" in top left hand corner.
6. No employee of Faire Bro's & Co., Limited, or anyone acting in an official capacity in this competition is eligible to compete.
7. The result of the competition and the names of the money prize winners will be published in The Daily Mail and Daily Mirror, January 9th, 1922.

Closing date for entries, December 31st, 1921.

The Manufacturers of HURCULACES offer the above prizes for the best Slogans for HURCULACES, and they invite you to send in suggestions which in your opinion would be suitable.

This contest allows you to use your imaginative and inventive powers in submitting an appealing Slogan.

There is no money to send, all you are required to do is purchase three pairs of HURCULACES, any quality, and send the three bands with each attempt. HURCULACES ARE THE LACES WITH THE EXTRA LONG WEAR. The secret of their durability being the great strength of the threads which tenaciously cling together and resist wear.

They are made in many varieties for ladies, childrens and men's boots and shoes, in all the popular shades, from 3d. per pair upwards. Obtainable from the leading BOOT SHOPS, DRAPERS and OUTFITTERS.

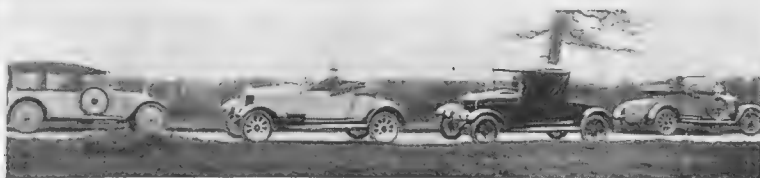
EXAMPLES

HURCULACES: The Lace to Wear, to Ease your Care. The well-known Slogan for the famous SPHERE SUSPENDERS AND BRACES is another example, viz: "The Grip that Grips and never Slips."



HURCULACES

The Lace with the extra long wear

MANUFACTURED BY
FAIRE BROS & CO LTD
LEICESTER*Count them on the Road.*Registered
Trade Mark.

THE "Standard" Light Car embodies every point which every-day use demands for the comfort and pleasure of the owner-driver, his family and friends. Easy control, ample room and full protection from weather, together with plenty of power, are all provided, and the running expenses are remarkably low. The 11 h.p. models for 1922 show steady development in the form of larger engine, four speeds, longer wheel-base, wider track and larger wheels.

Prices (with the "Standard" Patent All-Weather Hood and Side Curtains): 2-Seater, £515; 4-Seater, £525.

In addition, we are making a smaller model, the 8 h.p. "Standard" Light Car, with 4-cylinder (62 x 90 mm.) water-cooled engine. Price complete, 2 or 4-Seater, £325.

Full particulars on request.
The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

The All British
Standard
Light Two & Four-Seaters

COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD

*The Perfumes*

TEA ROSE
ROSE GERANIUM
ENGLISH VIOLETS
ROMAN HYACINTH
MALMAISON

By Appointment to
H.M. THE KING

J. Floris
PERFUMER

89, JERMYN STREET,
LONDON S.W. 1

The famous
HOUSE
for
"Ready-to-Wear"
KIT
TOWN
&
Country

ONLY
ADDRESS
"COVENT
GARDEN"

OVERCOATS
LOUNGE SUITS
EVENING DRESS

TWEEDS for
Shooting and Golf,
Hunting Coats,
Breeches, etc.

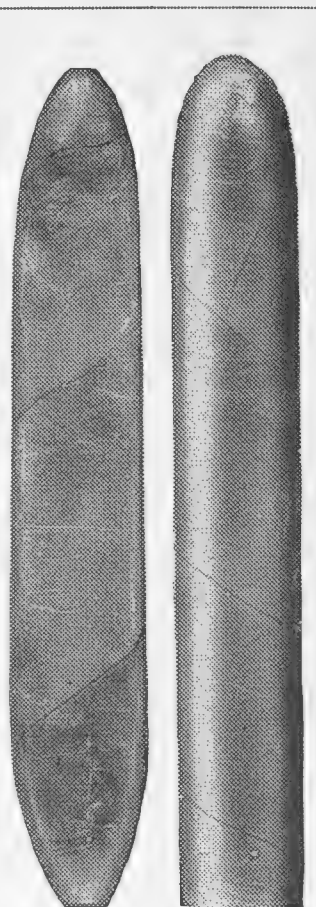
Also **SADDLERY**,
Trunks, Binoculars.

MOSS BROS & CO

Naval, Military and Civil Outfitters.

20 & 21, KING STREET, } COVENT W.C.
25, 31 & 32, Bedford St., } GARDEN, 2.

'Phone: 3750-1 Gerrard. Tel. Add.: "Parsee Rand, London."



IMPERIAL NO. 2 IMPERIAL NO. 3
Actual Size.

Superfine Cigars

Here are two really fine examples of the Art of Cigar Making.

Only the very choicest, most perfectly matured leaf is used in their manufacture and they who make them are undoubtedly artists at their work.

Criterion Cigars are true to their name.

In flavour, aroma, appearance and smoking qualities, they represent a very high standard in cigars—a standard by which other cigars can be judged.

We don't ask you to buy a box of these until you have proved their splendid quality.

You can get a sample of five at your tobacconists to-day.

CRITERION

IN CEDAR WOOD CABINET BOXES Of all High-Class Tobacconists and of 25, 50 and 100. — Stores. —

SAMPLES OF
5 FOR 3/-

C23

The Champagne that
bears the Active
Service Chevron Label

DELBECK

VINTAGE
1911

Extra Sec.

Obtainable from
all Wine Mer-
chants, Hotels
& Restaurants

DELBECK et C^{ie}

Fournisseurs
de l'Ancienne

Cour de France

Established 1832
at REIMS, France



LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S
AIREDALES
Specially Trained for Protection
against
BURGLARS.
For LADIES' GUARDS, Etc.,
from 10 Gns., Pups 7 Gns.
Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts.
Tel.: 52 Broxbourne. 30 mins. from Liverpool St., G.E.R.

If you suffer
from Asthma,
Catarrh
or ordinary
Colds, you
will find
nothing to
equal

HIMROD'S
ASTHMA
CURE

HIMROD'S
CURE FOR
ASTHMA
AT ALL
CHEMISTS
4s. 3d. a tin

What to Take for Disordered Stomach



Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. You will relish your meals without fear of trouble to follow. Millions of all ages take them for Biliousness, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Upset Stomach and for Sallow, Pimply, Blotchy Skin. *They end the misery of Constipation.*

Genuine bear signature—*Brentford* Small Pill; Small Dose; Small Price

WARRE'S PORT

The Wine with 250 Years' Reputation

A Medium Tawny Wine of exceptional value.

60/- PER DOZEN

Carriage and Cases Free.

Try a Sample Bottle
5/- post free.

MAGRATH, 90, Queen's Rd.,
London, W.2. Tel., Park 2040.



Eau de Cologne "MORNY"

is the ideal Toilet Water for sick-room use; a refreshing addition to the washing water; indispensable when travelling or on a sea voyage; and is one of the few perfumes a man permits himself to use.

In tall square bottles, with sprinklers .. 9/- and 17/-

In tall square bottles, with rose cut stoppers .. 33/- and 65/-

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from—

MORNY FRÈRES, LTD., 201, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

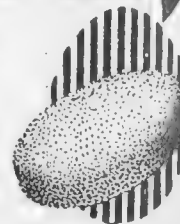


Franco-British Exhibition 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this
chocolate covered
Fruit Lozenge

CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON



Sold by all Chemists & Druggists, 4/6 per box.
67, Southwark Bridge Road, LONDON, S. E. 1.

MELACHRINO

*The only cigarette sold
throughout the world.*



Strange to the smoker of the finest Turkish tobacco is the revival of the old controversy: "Turkish" v. "Egyptian" tobacco. Strange, because, as has been so often stated, "there is no such thing as Egyptian-grown tobacco."

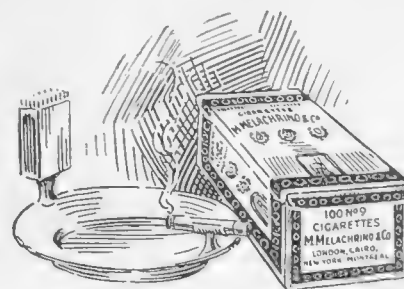
Egyptian brands of cigarettes are made in Egypt—of Turkish tobacco. But the most sublime enjoyment of Turkish tobacco is actually found in a

MELACHRINO

The cigarette that took Cairo by storm in 1879 and the one cigarette that can be bought in all the cities of the world.

That Perfect Gift
for Christmas

TOBACCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LTD.,
11 OLD BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.





Revillon Frères

London (Ltd)
Furriers.

180, Regent Street,
London.

PARIS.
79, Rue de Rivoli

W.1.

NEW YORK.
670 Fifth Avenue.

VALUE



VERY HEAVY
SOLID SILVER
FULL SIZE
AFTERNOON TEA SET

Finest Workmanship & Finish

£5-17-6

Capacity 1 1/2 Pints

Fattorini & Sons Ltd
Kirkgate Bradford

SEND FOR CATALOGUE
WORKS · BIRMINGHAM



ROWE SAILOR SUITS

*(Maker of Sailor Suits
to H.M. The Queen).*

IN fine White Tropical Drill for Weddings and Party wear. A stouter shrunk Drill for general wear—correct to Admiralty specifications.

The Suit complete with all accessories except Cap.

38/-

Post Paid.

Cash refunded if not approved.

Write for Illustrated List No. 94.



WM ROWE & CO., LTD

78 High Street,
GOSPORT.

106, New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.1

Scotland's Glory through the Ages.

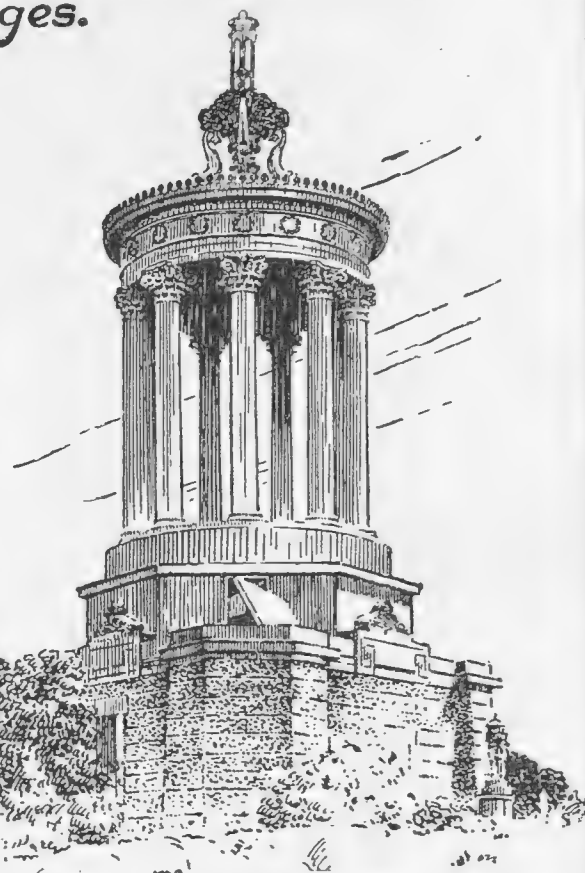
PETER DAWSON'S
P.D.
SCOTCH WHISKY



a brand of historic lineage
—likewise a worthy brand,
possessing every possible
good quality, and pleasing
the most delicate palate. It
is found in the best circles
throughout the world.

*Regular supplies can easily be maintained,
and if you have difficulty in obtaining
"P.D." Scotch, please communicate with*

PETER DAWSON, Ltd.,
82 Great Clyde St., GLASGOW,
or with their London Office,
LION HOUSE,
29-30 Tower Hill, E.C.3



Burns Monument Ayr

Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

AQUAMARINE AND DIAMOND JEWELLERY



Fine quality Aquamarine
and Diamond drop Necklet.
£19 10 0



Fine quality
Oblong Ring.
£15 0 0

Fine blue Aquamarine
and Diamond Brooch.
£23 0 0



Fine quality
Cluster Ring.
£18 10 0



Fine quality Aquamarine
and Diamond drop Necklet.
£26 10 0



Fine blue Aquamarine and
Diamond Cluster Ring.
£18 10 0



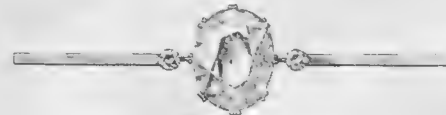
Aquamarine and Diamond
Ring Brooch.
£6 10 0



Fine blue Aquamarine
Single Stone Ring.
£11 17 6



Fine blue Aquamarine
Single Stone Brooch.
£8 15 0



Fine blue Aquamarine
and Diamond Brooch.
£16 10 0

Illustrated Catalogue of Jewellery and Silver-ware
sent free on request.

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

TALES WITH A STING.—THE NEW ELAINE—[Continued from p. 456.]

abandoned her dreams at the attic window. At the end of nine months she had succeeded in forgetting the very inflexion and long brown look with which Lancelot had said: "I do mean to come back . . ."

And at the end of nine months Lady Vere shocked opinion by a defiant refusal to marry her chivalrous partner in sin. He had stood by her splendidly; had offered her bruised and wounded spirit every sanctuary his name could afford. But Lady Vere's spirit refused to behave conventionally. . . . "Lance as a husband would bore me worse than dear old Arthur . . . and it would look so bad if I got myself divorced again. So really it's safer, with my temperament, not to risk it!"

Lancelot was secretly quite relieved. He would go abroad for a year or two—until—to use a mixed metaphor, his entanglement had simmered down, and then. . . .

The second autumn of his freedom, Arthur Webster-Dunn took Cotterill Park again for the hunting season. Losing his way home after a run over unaccustomed ridge and furrow, he asked for direction at Thirlby, and was invited to stay for dinner. Coincidence stopped short of a sudden attack of influenza, but it did not spare him bewitchment by Elaine. He saw her nearly every day after that; and because he was big, and burly, and sensible, and had overhung honest blue eyes and a whimsical mouth, Elaine fell deeply in love with him, too, and all went merry as a marriage-bell—except that on the evening he invited her and her brothers to dine with him, in such significant tones that she could not but fix the date for a proposal, she had nothing to wear for the occasion.

Nothing? . . . well, a not very fresh and rather badly draped blue dress which from the beginning had never suited her. . . . Cinderella, in her extremes of picturesque rags and fairy-godmother ball-dress, had never faced the Prince wearing a dowdy compromise in pale-blue.

Elaine, not unnaturally, desired a dress which was both mysterious and irresistible, a dress in which Arthur would always want to remember her. She had no money of her own, and she could not go to her brothers—her father was dead!—and tell them about the hovering proposal. Such a crystallisation into words would rub away all its bloom and wonder. . . . And Horace was capable of arguing, with dense male common-sense: "If the chap's going to propose *anyway*, any old dress would do as well as a new one!"

Could she sell something? . . . From that point it took her less than three minutes to think of the gold hunting-flask with its

initials in diamonds—the only valuable article she possessed. Would it be honest? . . . Elaine compromised by a determination to pawn and not sell it. After all, it was not *quite* hers to sell.

When she came to unwrap it again, she was surprised to find how the gold metal had grown dim and blurred. It was years since she had pulled it from its winding-sheet of silk handkerchief. Elaine polished it vigorously, polished and polished till it gleamed; she thought, in her pretty ignorance of pawnbrokers, that thus it would fetch a better price.

The whole of the next day she spent at the nearest big town.

On the morning of Arthur's dinner-party, Elaine received a letter from Lancelot. Just a few brief lines concealing a pent-up world of romantic meaning.

"Elaine, I am coming back to-night to claim my hunting-flask. If the gold is bright, I shall know you have not forgotten. . . ."

She stood for an uncertain moment with his note in her hand. . . . Then an upward curve of pure mischief gladdened the corners of her mouth.

At seven o'clock she drove away to Cotterill Park, with Horace and John. Her dress was a spider's silver web, cut with modest perfection. It looked expensive.

At eight o'clock Lancelot arrived, and was handed an envelope addressed in Elaine's writing. It contained nothing but a pawn-ticket!

THE END.

The new range of plain and mounted "Onoto" pens made on the Streamline model comprises some of the finest examples of the pen-maker's art. An Onoto pen, partially or completely covered in gold or silver, in its silk-lined case, arriving already filled with ink ready to write, is one of this season's finest examples of the combination of beauty and utility in Christmas presents.

The first annual dinner given by the directors of A. and F. Pears to the contributors of "Pears' Annual" took place at the Carlton the other night, and was a notable success. Lord Dewar presided, and amongst those present were Lord Leverhulme, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, Lord Charnwood, Sir Herbert Morgan, Sir John Lavery, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Stephen McKenna, Sir William Berry, Mr. Algernon Blackwood, the Hon. John Collier, and Sir Frank Newnes. A reception followed, and this was attended by some seven hundred guests, most of them representing the arts—it seemed, indeed, that the whole of "Who's Who" was there!

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.



SHADOWS

A PROPHET ON PROFITS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IN the peculiarly unsweet September of 1918, amongst other things, I wrote the following sentence, which was then quoted in many of the newspapers: "If we do not smash the unlimited power of the Bureaucracy it will smash us." Which was prophetic.

I have just seen in a friend's stables a magnificent litter of nine Alsatian Wolf Hounds. A wonderful achievement, but puny in comparison to the breeding of the Bureaucrats during the last few years.

The cold truth is that we have not yet succeeded in smashing the Bureaucrats and that they have very nearly smashed us. So, apparently, the only hope of the future is cannibalism, for when they have consumed all our resources, they will be compelled to consume each other. But many of us will not be there to enjoy our revenge.

It is a mad world in which the politicians and their bureaucratic parasites peevishly parade before a poverty-stricken people. Which is a perfectly damnable alliteration, provided by a perfectly damnable state of things.

The all-important subject of to-day is profits and not prophets. For a prophet is only acclaimed in his grave, while a profiteer is only acclaimed by the gay.

In the Press there has been much idle vapour about the high price of men's clothes in the West End. It is all ironically absurd. The minimum price now charged by Pope and Bradley for a Lounge Suit is ten guineas, and for a light overcoat eight guineas, which prices are about 20 per cent. cheaper than those charged by any other of the exclusive firms. To endeavour to buy under these prices means buying second-rate materials which do not wear, and second-class workmanship, which does not last. And anyone who imagines that even an adequate, let alone an excessive, profit is made at the prices charged here should consult my Chartered Accountants or the Inland Revenue Commissioners. But please don't consult me on the profits which barely exist, for my indignant "Elast" would be louder than Applejohn's at the Criterion.

The House of Pope and Bradley made its reputation by giving the best value for money. But when its productions are complete it requires a cash payment. At the prices quoted it would be impossible to give credit, and it is infinitely more pleasant to collect amounts direct from customers, instead of from their executors. Artistically and commercially it is better to deal with the living than with the dead. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Overcoats from £8 8s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
21 & 23 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
THE ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



The Ideal Food Beverage for Invalids and Convalescents

"Ovaltine" is the ideal food beverage for convalescents because it most abundantly supplies the vitalizing and restorative elements required to build up the system.

It promotes the rapid recovery of weight and energy, and quickly restores normal health. The delicious flavour of "Ovaltine" makes it acceptable to the most fastidious.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds up Brain, Nerve and Body

All the rich nerve and body-building elements contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs, and cocoa are presented in "Ovaltine" in a highly concentrated and easily assimilable form.

One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa, 12 cups of beef extract, or 3 eggs.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6

'OVALTINE' CHOCOLATE

A dainty and delicious food-sweet, containing the nourishing properties of "Ovaltine" in combination with the purest milk chocolate.

Equal in flavour to the very best chocolate, but many times more nourishing.

Excellent as a sustaining article of diet for everyone at all times, and especially valuable for children.



Let them drink 'Ovaltine' for Health!

F&G



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE V.



FINEST OLD TAWNY PORT

AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN
OF OLD LIGHT PORT

6/6

SHIPPED, BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY

W & A Gilbey

THE SIGNATURE THAT GUARANTEES
QUALITY, PURITY & VALUE.

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.—[Continued from page 151.]

Mrs. Peacock and Miss Joan Radcliffe are hunting again after a few weeks' retirement owing to having been attacked by the mumps. Captain and Mrs. Sherrard, Captain and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Captain Spencer and his wife (who has "something" to beat for the point-to-points and races in the spring, we hear), are old and regular followers. New to the county are Mrs. Burden, who has taken Kirby Hall from Colonel Muir, and Captain Charlie and Lady Eileen Clarke, who are farming at Ashby Pastures, and he is hunting pretty regularly.

In "Beaufortshire" They say there will be no scent till it pours as in the days of Noah, which it is sure to do once it starts. But, meanwhile, the going here is simply topping, whereas, once it gets wet, you can hardly waddle along at a walk after hounds in it, so there's something to be said for the present conditions. We've had some quite fair sport, too, and lots of "lepping." What a lot of people come out on Lord Worcester's days! It is a great thing to have such a popular and eligible young man taking an active and prominent part in local affairs. His step-brother, Baron Frank de Tuyl, who has a nice taste in antiques, has made Old Sodbury Manor too charming.

There has been much local interest in the marriage of Captain Christopher Codrington, the only son of Sir Gerald and Lady Sybil, who own Dodington Park, but haven't been able to afford to live there of late years. It is let to Mr. Malcolm Lyon at present. Captain Codrington's bride, Miss Joan Hague-Cook, is a sister of the Hon. Mrs. Eric Long, whose father-in-law, Lord Long, is Master of the neighbouring Avon Vale. Many hunting people went to town for the wedding, including the Duchess of Beaufort, and the young couple hope to take up their residence in this country soon.

Everybody went to Malmesbury to see Armour's pictures, which were much admired, especially his sketch of Lord Worcester jumping a stone wall, and the charming illustrations to Masefield's "Reynard the Fox."

Sir Walter Preston's eldest son, who is still at Oxford, has just become engaged to Lady Wilkinson's girl, Beryl, and this young couple will receive countless good wishes from their many friends both in the Beaufort country and the Avon Vale, of which pack Sir Walter was formerly Master.

Clare Lady Cowley has been seedy, but has started hunting now and is back at Seagry. Lady Mainwaring is often with her; and Mr. Lionel Buxton and Captain "Ferdie" Cavendish-Bentinck also hunt from Seagry, where a hunting coterie includes Colonel Archie Miles, one of the Field Masters, the others being Sir Audley Neeld and his two brothers, the Admiral and the Colonel; Mr. Harford, the Duchess's brother; Mr. Leonard Taylor, and Baron de Tuyl. But none of them seem to avail to keep the field in much order, and now that he is on leave, Lord

Worcester takes charge when he is not carrying the horn, and is very forceful and efficacious in spite of his youth.

V. W. H.
(Cricklade).

Hounds met at Red Lodge, Purton, the residence of Mr. John Ward, J.P., the other day. It was the anniversary of Mr. Ward's seventy-fifth birthday, and he received the congratulations of his many friends. Mr. Ward has for over twenty years been a good friend to the hunt. At one time a keen follower, his coverts have always been reckoned a "sure find," and this day there was no exception to the rule; a fox was soon found, and the large field out had an enjoyable gallop. Mr. Ward, with his usual hospitality, had provided a sumptuous hunt breakfast, which was partaken of by a large number of hunting people and friends. We were glad to see Mr. Ward himself mounted and taking part in the chase, as well as Mrs. Ward and Captain Harold Ward, who, by the way, was well to the fore during the run.

What looked at first a serious accident was a fall taken by Colonel Canning over a blind fence early in the run. Colonel Canning's horse fell and kicked his owner somewhat badly in the face. A doctor and motor being procured, the Colonel was taken home. We are glad to hear that he is progressing favourably and that there was no serious result. Among those out, besides the Master, we noticed the Secretary, Mr. John Thornton; Captain Sidney Dennis; the Joint Master, Commander C. A. Codrington, and Mrs. Codrington; Mr. George Heigham, Mr. T. Sutton, Mrs. Bucknill, Miss Dulcie Bushby, Mrs. Le Warne, Mrs. Robson, Mr. Basil Robson (who was receiving the good wishes of his friends on his recent engagement to Miss Marjorie Walsh, of the Manor House, Purton), Mr. Lloyd (who is always in the same field as the hounds), Mr. Richard Cook, Mr. J. Faulkner, and many others.

The bicycle contingent was represented by the Misses Robeson, who generally manage to see the best part of the run and are regular attendants at all the meets.

By the way, in last week's "Hunting Notes" Mrs. Sydney Loder's name appeared in error for that of Mrs. Hubert Loder.

Messrs. Yardley and Co., of 8, New Bond Street, are famous all the world over for the fine quality of their perfumes, toilet soaps, etc. If anyone is in search of Christmas gifts, he will be wise to visit Yardleys, for they invite customers to a free test of their scents, so one may be quite certain exactly what one is buying. The special Christmas offer of charming little cases of perfumery, from 10s. 6d. to £6 in price, is one well worth investigating. As an example of this style of gift, the "Freesia" Gift Box, containing perfume, face powder, toilet soap and scent-sachet, costs 17s. 6d.

THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT. SESSEL PEARLS

Sessel Pearls are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

The "Sphere" says—
A row of wonderful Sessel reproductions will amply satisfy even the most fastidious taste.



Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings, in Solid Gold Mountings

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in case,

From £2 : 2 : 0

£4 : 4 : 0

From £2 : 2 : 0

Diamonds, Pearls, Old Gold, Silver, etc., Purchased for Cash or taken in exchange.

Illustrated Brochure No. 1 on request post free.

NO AGENTS.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL (Bourne, Ltd.),

14 & 14a, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.

Sessel Pearls are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklace, in fact every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.

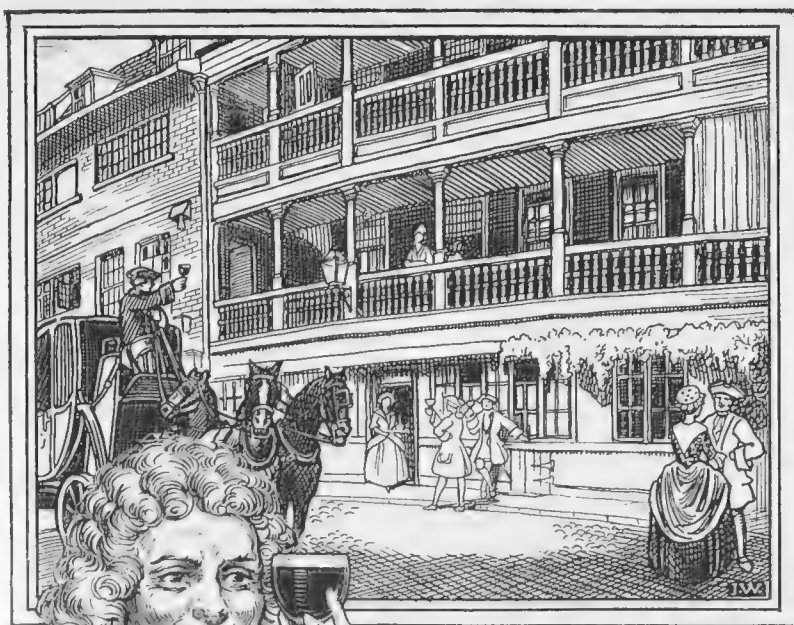
The "Bystander" says—
In colour, weight, and general appearance there is absolutely nothing to choose between the two pieces.

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.



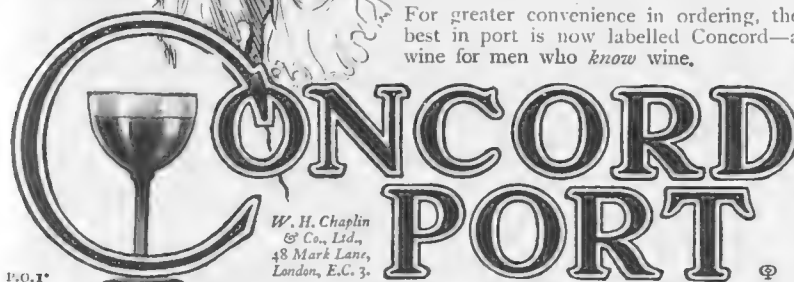
Greetings!

Did you 'Nugget' your boots this morning?

**GEORGE INN, SOUTHWARK.**

Last survivor of the Old London Coaching Inns, may still be visited for a glass of the historical vintage once so solemnly discussed beneath its quaint old galleries.

For greater convenience in ordering, the best in port is now labelled Concord—a wine for men who *know* wine.



W. H. Chaplin
& Co., Ltd.,
48 Mark Lane,
London, E.C. 3.

WHY BUY FOREIGN PENCILS?

WOLFF'S

Royal Sovereign

PENCILS ARE BRITISH MADE



The finest Pencil in the World for Draughtsmen, Artists, and general use because of its smoothness and durability. Made in all degrees by THE ROYAL SOVEREIGN PENCIL CO., LTD., Falcon Pencil Works, Battersea, S.W.

Famous over 100 years. By appointment to H.M. the King.
Price 6d. each. Sold by all Stationers.

THE NEW ELECTRIC VIBRATOR

The smallest, lightest and most compact apparatus for Ladies' use.

Stimulates Circulation.
Affords Relief in Rheumatism
:: Headache and Insomnia. ::
Beautifies the Complexion.



40/-
Complete with
Applicators
110 & 220
Volts.

:: IT KEEPS YOU FIT ::

Visit our Showrooms for

UP-TO-DATE DOMESTIC ELECTRIC APPLIANCES.

**L. M. WATERHOUSE
ELECTRIC CO.**

**19, RATHBONE PLACE,
OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.**

"LA NATURELLE"

Transformations ensure a Youthful Appearance.

**TOUPET from 5 Guineas.
FULL TRANSFORMATION
from 12 Guineas.**

WRITE for CATALOGUE DE LUXE,
send for Appro. Selection, or call and
interview M. GEORGES.

(The "Times" system of Instalments is available.)

Telegrams:
"TOUPETCHIC."
Sowest, London.

Telephones:
Victoria 5944.
Victoria 2648.

Maison Georges
40, BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON, S.W.1

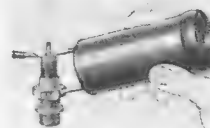
THE HOUSE WITH THE UNRIVALLED REPUTATION.

**SMITH'S CHRISTMAS GIFT
SUGGESTIONS
FOR MOTORISTS**

SMITH & SONS (M.A.) Ltd., Cricklewood Works, London, N.W.2
London Showrooms: 179-185, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.
Branches at: Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, Belfast.



Smith's Popular Clock
Finest value for money ever
offered in the way of a motor
Car Timepiece, 8-day.
Price £2 17 6



Smith's Radamax Plug Tester
A scientific instrument which instantly
shows whether your plug is sparking
properly. The only real plug tester.
Price £1 5 0 each.



Smith's Motor Watch
A neat and compact little
timepiece, 2 ins. across dial.
Price: Flush Fit £4 4 0
Wedge Pattern £3 15 0



**Smith's Woollen Motor
Rug.** Size 86 x 36 in.
£3 3 0 each.



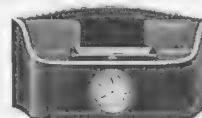
Smith's Robert Mascot
Brass, Bronze or Sil. Plt.
£2 2 0



Old Bill Mascot
For large Cars £1 1 0
For light Cars £0 16 6



**Smith's Camel Hair
Motor Rug.** Size 80 by
52 ins. Price £3 10



SMITH'S DE LUXE CANTEENS
Gent's Canteen. Price £6 18 6 Gent's Canteen. Price £3 3 0
Ladies' Canteen. Price £6 16 6 Ladies' Canteen. Price £3 3 0



BOOKS AS CHRISTMAS GIFTS: THE LURE OF ILLUSTRATION.

“EVERY little boy and gal,” whether born a Liberal or Conservative, loves a book if it is one of the right sort with plenty of coloured pictures. The publishers have been very busy again to supply this perennial want for the coming Christmas.

One of the best of the new gift-books is “Old-Time Stories,” told by Master Charles Perrault, translated from the French by A. E. Johnson, with excellent illustrations by W. Heath Robinson (Constable; 15s.). There is no need to introduce that artist to readers of *The Sketch*, but it may be mentioned that his work for this book is a little different from his well-known comic manner. The colour-plates are more in the Edmund Dulac vein; the line drawings—many of them delightfully humorous, as might be expected—have none of the fantastic machinery that is so familiar in Mr. Heath Robinson’s Press cartoons, but are in a style appropriate to fairyland.

Another famous illustrator whom *The Sketch* can claim among its own is M. Jean de Bosschère, the Belgian author-artist. He has written and illustrated, in his original and amusing style, a new book called “Weird Islands” (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d. net), with a colour frontispiece and a profusion of comic drawings in black-and-white.

The late Mr. Claud Lovat Fraser, whose death was such a loss to the art world, is represented by a charming set of little coloured wood-cuts, in early Victorian style, illustrating “The Luck of the Bean-Rows,” a fairy-tale translated from the French of Charles Nodier (Daniel O’Connor; 6s. net). The book is beautifully printed, with wide margins, and has a brilliant cover design.

Eskimo art is quite a novelty, and “Eskimo Folk-Tales,” collected by Knud Rasmussen, the famous explorer now once more in the Arctic, and edited and translated by W. Worster, with illustrations by native Eskimo artists, will interest many readers, besides the young people, who will like it for the sake of the stories. The illustrations, which are exceedingly quaint, consist of drawings in black-and-white. The book is published by Messrs. Gyldendal (of Copenhagen and Christiania) at 11, Burleigh Street, Covent Garden.

For serious-minded boys and girls with a taste for history “The Child’s Book of France,” by Sidney Dark (Chapman and Hall; 10s. 6d. net), would be a suitable present. It has sixteen illustrations in half-tone, reproductions of well-known historical pictures. Historical romance for young readers is provided in “Robin Hood and His Merry Outlaws,” retold from the old ballads by J. Walker McSpadden and Charles Wilson, with first-rate colour-plates by N. C. Wyeth (Harrap; 12s. 6d. net). It belongs

to the praiseworthy class of works designed to instil an early taste for English literature and legend.

A taste for music can be instilled at a yet earlier age by means of a charming book of “Old English Nursery Songs,” with music arranged by Horace Mansion, and delightful colour-plates and border drawings by Anne Anderson (Harrap; 8s. 6d. net.).

Pure fun and high spirits are the characteristics of “A Cartoonist Amongst Animals: A Book of Animal Humour,” by Leonard R. Brightwell, F.Z.S. (Hurst and Blackett; 3s. 6d. net.). The book will amuse grown-ups, especially ex-Service men, as well as the older boys and girls. Our dumb friends have likewise inspired an attractive book for the younger generation, called “Animal Legends from Many Lands,” by Rose Yeatman Woolf, illustrated by Edwin Noble (Raphael Tuck; 6s. 6d. net.).

The old stories are always the most popular with children, and an admirable new version thereof is presented in “My Book of Favourite Fairy Tales,” illustrated with numerous and excellent colour-plates and line drawings by Miss Jennie Harbour (Raphael Tuck; 6s. 6d. net). This is a book sure to please the young folks. The youngest of them will revel in “Father Tuck’s Annual” and the “Little People’s Annual” (Raphael Tuck; 6s. net and 5s. net respectively). Both are full of bright pictures, verses, and stories. The same is true of two smaller picture-books—“Father Tuck’s Nursery Favourites,” and a painting-book, “Father Tuck’s Days in Fairyland,” which are typical examples of a large variety of nursery literature issued by this well-known firm.

“Stories of Course” is the title of an amusing book of original tales by Hilda Finnemore, designed “for all who are young enough to laugh and old enough to smile” (Basil Blackwell; 7s. 6d. net). The fact that it is illustrated, in colour and line, by George Morrow ensures its popularity. “Ring a Ring o’ Fairies” contains charming poems for children by Madeleine Nightingale, with excellent wood-cuts by Charles T. Nightingale (Basil Blackwell; 3s. net).

Pleasant experience has taught a great many women that Paul Caret frocks are things that no one who wants to establish a reputation for good dressing can afford to be without. Lady Egerton, who presides over the fortunes of the house in Orchard Street, believes in enterprise, and so the name of Paul Caret now appears in the list of dress artists with a Paris home. However, don’t run away with the idea that Paul Caret frocks are no longer to be had in London. The At Home at which the Countess Torby and Lady Egerton were hostesses brought scores of women to Claridge’s—partly to listen to the music, but mainly to see the beautiful exhibition of frocks designed by this gifted artist.

When out of sorts—Benger’s Food.

Not ill, but not well. Food disagreeing—nerves jangled. This is the time when a change of diet, a rest from the ordinary food for a few days, will work wonders.

Benger’s Food gives the needful digestive rest with complete nourishment. You prepare



with fresh new milk. It is dainty, light and satisfying, being the most highly nutritious of foods. It soothes internal distress, is the food most easy to assimilate, and the most interesting to prepare.

Benger’s Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.
BENGER’S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
29 NEW YORK (U.S.A.), 50, Beekman St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.), 117, Pitt St. Depots throughout CANADA.

THE LARGEST CARPET RENOVATORS IN THE WORLD

CARPETS BEATEN

PATENT STEAM

CARPET BEATING

COMPANY LTD.

196, YORK ROAD, KING’S CROSS, N.

CARPETS SHAMPOOED, CARPETS DYED.

COLLECTION AND DELIVERY FREE.

“Why is Your Hair so Lovely?”

How proud she is as she runs her fingers through her hair rippling loose in “waves of glory” and she remembers the envious question “Why is your hair so lovely?” And yet her secret can be yours:

ROWLAND’S MACASSAR OIL

Your hair is healthy at the roots. Bring forth all its luxuriant beauty with the nourishment contained in Rowland’s Macassar Oil. Let it feed your poor hair to strong vigorous growth. When shopping to-day get it at any chemist, stores, or hairdresser you pass - 3/6, 7/-, 10/6.

Golden Colour for Fair or Grey Hair.

ROWLAND’S

112 Guildford St., London, W.C. 1.

For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.
Goddard’s Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6s 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

J. Goddard & Sons, Station Street, Leicester.



THINK OF YOUR COMPLEXION

before going out on a boisterous day, think of the after-effects of the biting wind and frost on it—the discomfort and disfigurement—unless precautions are taken beforehand.

BEEOTHAM’S La-rola

(AS PRE-WAR)

applied regularly to the face and hands is the most efficient safeguard against injury to the complexion from keen weather. It prevents and removes all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, etc., and keeps the skin in perfect condition all the year round.

From all Chemists and Stores, 1/6 and 2/6 per Bottle.

PALE COMPLEXIONS may be greatly improved by just a touch of “LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM,” which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-.

M. BEEOTHAM & SON,
Cheltenham Spa, England.



The finest
reproduction
of the
Oriental pearl
in
the World.



You
cannot
buy a
better
pearl.

Read what the World-Famous
Operatic Singer—Miss

JOSÉ COLLINS

says about

Cintra Pearls

"... I am delighted with my rope and bracelet of Cintra Pearls. When I wear them together with my Oriental Pearls my friends are unable to distinguish the difference. It affords me great pleasure to inform you that your Cintra Pearls are undoubtedly the finest reproduction I have ever seen."

JOSE COLLINS.

They are ideal for Xmas gifts, since they fascinate every lover of beauty and are such marvellously artistic copies of real pearls, in tone, texture, weight and durability, that they have baffled even experts.

NECKLET WITH GOLD CLASP—£1
We will send you post free on receipt of £1. a Necklet of CINTRA PEARLS, 16 ins. long, with gold clasp in case complete; also brooches, rings, and tiepins at £1. Other rates *pro rata*.

Your money will be refunded within two weeks if pearls are not found far superior to any other imitation pearl.

Illustrated Booklet sent FREE on request to (Dept. S.)



The Cintra Pearl Company
(Showrooms)

11. Argyll Place, Regent Street.

LONDON W.1 One Minute from the "Palladium."

AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI, Strand. (Ger. 2645) "THE GOLDEN MOTH."
EVENINGS, at 8. MATS. WEDS. & SATS., 2. (Xmas Week Twice Daily.)
W. H. BERRY, Roberts Michaelis, Thorpe Bates, Cicely Debenham, Nancie Lovat, Barbara Roberts, Sylvia Leslie, Grace Glover, Misquette & Maxly.

ALDWYCH THEATRE. (Ger. 3929) "MY NIECES."
Evenings at 8 (except Thurs. and Fri., Dec. 22 and 23).
Matinee Wed., Dec. 21, at 2.15, but not Sat., Dec. 24.
CHRISTMAS WEEK.—Twice daily, at 2.15 and 8.
Marjorie Gordon. Maidie Hope. Binnie Hale. Donald Calthrop.

COMEDY. (Ger. 3724) "THE FAITHFUL HEART."
By MONCKTON HOFFE. Mary Odette.
GODFREY TEARLE. NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES THURS. and SAT., and Dec. 26 and 27, at 2.30

GARRICK THEATRE. (Ger. 9513) RUBY MILLER
in "THE EDGE O' BEYOND."
By GERTRUDE PAGE, Authoress of "Paddy the Next Best Thing."
Evenings, at 8.15. Mats. Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2.15.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722) Manager, MARIE LÖHR.
Nightly, at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, at 2.30.
"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS."

NEW. (Reg. 4466) MATHESON LANG
in "BLOOD AND SAND." MATINEES Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

PALACE. (Ger. 6834) THE CO-OPTIMISTS
in a Pierrotic Entertainment in Two Parts. MATINEES MON., WED., SAT., 2.30.
NIGHTLY, 8.30.

PRINCES. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS.
RUPERT D'O'LY CARTE'S SEASON. Every Evg., 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SAVOY. "PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING." (2nd Year.)
Every Evening, 8. Mats. Mon., Sat., 2.15. Re-appearance of PEGGY O'NEIL.

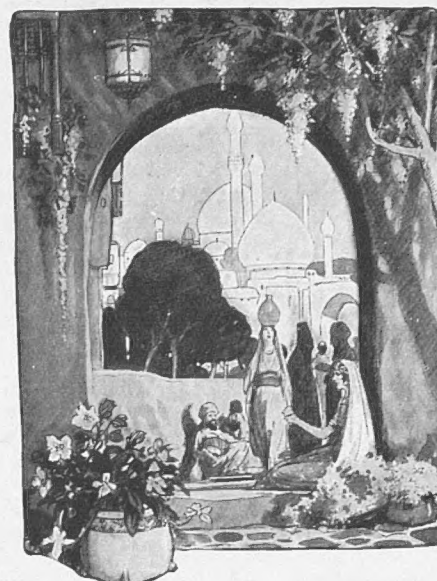
ST. JAMES'S. Mats. Daily, at 2. Thurs. Evg., Dec. 22, at 8.
Boxing Day and onwards. "PETER PAN." Twice Daily, at 2 and 8.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) £2 18s. 9d.
Six Months, £1 8s. (including Christmas Number £1 10/7)
Three Months, 14/1 (including Christmas Number, 16s. 6d.)

ELSEWHERE ABROAD. Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 5s. 3d.
Six Months £1 11/5 (including Christmas Number), £1 13/10
Three Months, 18s. 2d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd." and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.



The
Scent
of a
Persian
Garden.

And look—a thousand blossoms with the day woke.

—Omar Khayyam.

OMAR KHAYYAM
PERFUME

Prices: 3/6, 6/3, 11/3, 22/6, 42/-, 80/- Per Bottle

OMAR KHAYYAM FACE CREAM, 3/- Jar.	OMAR KHAYYAM FACE POWDER, 2/3 per box.	OMAR KHAYYAM TOILET SOAP, Box of 3 Tablets 4/6
---	--	--

Of all Chemists and Stores.

Wholesale: H. BRONNLEY & CO., LTD., LONDON, W.

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL.

WEYBRIDGE.

A former Royal Residence, standing in Beautiful Grounds. Adapted to Modern Requirements. Refurnished, Central Heating. Winter Tariff. Special Christmas Entertainments. Dancing, Golf, Outdoor Sports. — Telephone 666 Weybridge.

WINTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND.

GRAND HOTEL, GRIESALP.
BERNER OBERLAND. 5,000 feet.

Situated at an altitude where sport should be assured, this resort will appeal to those who wish a real sporting holiday. The Grand Hotel is an excellent establishment, well managed and quite modern in every way. Many of the rooms have private bathrooms attached.

Full details from:—

PICKFORDS, LTD.,
206, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

THE "Badminton" TAILORED SHIRT

The Perfect Shirt for Ladies.

The Ideal Shirt for the Country.
The Ideal Shirt for Sports.
Cut, Material, Quality and Finish.
All make it the Ideal Shirt.

The trade mark above is your safeguard. Insist on seeing it.

If any difficulty in procuring write manufacturers below, who will help you.

E. & H. TIDSWELL & CO., (1921), Ltd.,
15, New Union Street, London, E.C.2

THE BRITISH BERKEFELD



Filter

SARDINIA HOUSE,
KINGSWAY,
LONDON, W.C.2.

All kind thoughts and every good wish for Christmas, the New Year, and for all time, to all, from Hall.

Estab. 35 Years. Highest Awards. 12 Gold Medals.

HARRY HALL
UNEQUALLED VALUE. PERFECT FIT.
EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS. BEST STYLES.

"HALLZONE" IDEAL

OVERCOATS

at less than cost

from £6 6 0

GOLD MEDAL

RIDING BREECHES
42/-

We SPECIALISE in

LOUNGE SUITS from £6 6 0

EVENING DRESS .. £10 10 0

SPORTING CLOTHES

A Speciality.

Perfect fit guaranteed from simple self-measurement form.

Ladies' Salon 207 Oxford St., W.1.

RIDE ASTRIDE HABIT

from 11 Gns. Regd.

The most Practical and Distinctive Habit obtainable.

VISITORS to LONDON can leave RECORD MEASURES or ORDER & FIT SAME DAY.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

207 OXFORD ST., W.1

149 CHEAPSIDE E.C.2

LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, LTD

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs &c. Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.4

CITY NOTES.

DECEMBER 25, 1921.

JUBILAMUS! Just because it's Christmas, even if we can't find a great deal to shout about. We wish all our readers the very mightiest of Merry Christmases. May they all wear their paper caps askew, and feel constrained to leave to others the proposal of such tongue-twisting toasts as "Here's to those that we love. Here's to those that love us. And here's to those that love them that love those that love them that love those that love us." It's a cheery old toast, and easy enough before dinner, but many a good man's taken a toss over it after turkey, plum-pudding, and walnuts.

Much water has run under London Bridge since last Christmas, and much has been wrung out of certain companies' capital and most folks' pockets; but it's a long lane that has no turning, and the future's more important than the past. It really looks as though things are on the mend at last; even Stock Exchange shares have improved. As we write, it seems almost certain that the Irish question will be settled in spite of De Valera's opposition, the Washington Conference must surely lead to some reduction in the burden of armaments, and the Report of the Geddes Committee should force some measure of economy on our Government.

Gilt-edged stocks have, naturally and rightly, translated these factors into figures and moved up very appreciably. If the 5½ per cent. Treasury Bonds could be withdrawn the rise would be accentuated; and it would not surprise us to see this done, even if it meant a temporary increase in the floating debt. Such a move would undoubtedly help to bring a funding loan within measurable distance of achievement, by allowing gilt-edged securities to rise still further.

The price of living has gone down, while trade in nearly all departments shows a distinct tendency to improve, both in volume and in price, and the pound sterling is worth 4·18 dollars in New York.

So, you see, there's much to be pleased about. We look towards you and we likewise bows.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"Going away for Christmas?" inquired The Merchant. "You do as a rule, don't you?"

"Never been away from home at Christmas-time in my life," replied The Broker. "Much as I would like to, all the same."

"These hotels make it very jolly for one, nowadays," The City Editor observed.

"Yes, don't they," agreed The Jobber with cordiality. "Do you

remember what a really lively time we spent together one year at Rowton House? I—"

"Twas Christmas Day in the workhouse. . ." chanted The Broker, and was promptly suppressed.

"Oh, stop your juvenile bickerings!" The City Editor broke in impatiently. "Have done, you pair of silly lads. You're not in the Stock Exchange now. Try to behave like men."

They proceeded to do so. At the end of two-and-a-half hectic minutes, The City Editor begged for a chance to 'phone to his wife.

"You Put One," panted The Jobber, replacing him on the seat; "and you Take Two," helping himself from The City Editor's cigarette-case, which had fallen out on the floor. "Try one, Brokie; they look rather good."

"You know what he does? Goes through all the cigarettes he sees in *The Sketch*, gives them each a trial, and then has to repeat the performance because he can't decide which is the best."

"That's not such a bad idea," remarked The Merchant. "Might get somebody to try it on me for a Christmas present."

"Don't you be so fond of dragging in advertisements for *The Sketch* by the heels," growled The City Editor, now almost recovered. "Everybody thinks they give you something for it."

"Because your base mind thinks of such a lie, you call yourself everybody. But nobody with any sense would imagine such a thing. I've never had so much as a cigarette out of them, so you can put that into your dirty old pipe and smoke it!"

The City Editor laughed. "Right you are; I'm quite ready to accept your apology. And you might look through the cigars next time. I give you the choice of my own address or my solicitor's. Any preference?"

"Lever Eight per cents.," suggested The Merchant. "Not a bad speculative investment."

"Might do worse. I'd rather have Niger 8 per cent. Preference. Passed the last dividend; cumulative; stand about thirteen-and-six. Prospects."

"How about Marconis?" asked The Engineer. "Surely the Company must get a lot of money from the Government some day?"

"Marconis are worth putting away for a profit if you don't mind a lock-up."

"A lock-up? 'Stone walls do not a prison make.'"

"What's that got to do with it? However, I've plenty of certificates in other companies that have turned out to be nothing better than condemned cells."

"How do you spell that last word?" asked The Jobber feelingly.

Thursday, Dec. 15, 1921.

Makers of History:

ROBERT BURNS. 1739-1796. By far the greatest of the Scottish poets. He was originally a farmer, and is, in consequence, sometimes known as "The Ayrshire Ploughman." His poems are remarkable for their wit, pathos and melody; but owing to the fact that many are written in dialect, they are not fully appreciated by Englishmen. "Tam O' Shanter" and "The Cotter's Saturday Night" are the best of his long poems, and of the shorter, "Auld Lang Syne," "For a' That," "John Anderson my Jo," and "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon" are well known.

Xmas Fellowship.

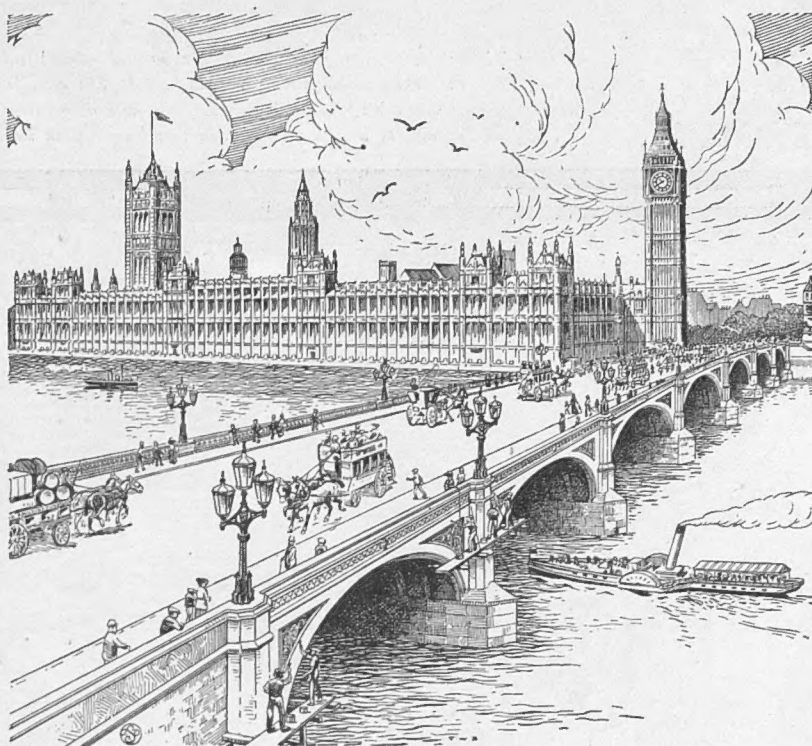
THE pre-eminent occasion for friendship and good-feeling is the welcome season of Christmas. Nothing more conduces to real concord than

Red Tape
The Whisky

Agreeing with everyone, it creates unanimity in the pleasantest way possible, playing its rôle with dignity and distinction.

Red Tape is indeed
THE SPIRIT OF CONCORD.

Sole Proprietors:
BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS., Glasgow, Scotland.



Fashions in 1906.

These announcements have traced the changes of fashion which took place during the first sixty years of the Firm's career. It is not proposed to extend the series beyond the year 1906, although a number of pictures could be added, dealing with the years 1914-18, a period during which Messrs. Robt. Ingham Clark & Co., Ltd., manufactured many hundred thousand gallons of Dope, Varnish and Enamel for use on fighting aeroplanes.

The World's Largest Varnish Industry.

Pearline

The Ideal Enamel

THE durable nature of this enamel renders it the most desirable decorative material. It is used by the leading Decorators, and is obtainable through high-class builders' Merchants.



Descriptive leaflet sent post free.

Robt. Ingham Clark

& Co., Ltd.,

West Ham Abbey, London, E.15

Associated with R. Gay & Co., Ltd.,
Paint and Colour Specialists.
Langthorne Works,
Stratford Market, E.15

P 15

"Beautifully cool and sweet smoking."

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES

Have a world-wide reputation. They are made from fine quality Virginia Tobacco and sold in two strengths—
MILD AND MEDIUM.

Player's Gold Leaf Navy Cut Cigarettes.
In Tins of 100 - 5/10 In Tins of 50 - 2/11

Player's Medium Navy Cut Cigarettes.
In card boxes 100 - 4/8 In card boxes 50 - 2/5

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
NOTTINGHAM.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.



P.955

ESTABLISHED 1835



GAELIC Old Smuggler SCOTCH WHISKY

Guaranteed Ten Years Old

We can now supply this ⚡ ⚡
Well-known Export Brand at
Pre-War Strength and Quality

Price—at Export Strength $\frac{25}{25}$ - 160/- per doz. delivered
at Usual Strength - - 150/- " "

EVERY TRIAL
SECURES A THOROUGHLY
SATISFIED CUSTOMER
(includes box
SEND 15/- DIRECT and postage.)
FOR A BOTTLE AND TRY
IT NOW

Every description of Wines, Spirits, etc., supplied at Keen Prices.
COMPREHENSIVE PRICE LIST ON APPLICATION.
You can rely on an Old Established House to give you good quality

JAMES & GEORGE STODART, LTD.

SCOTCH WHISKY MERCHANTS

GLASGOW - SCOTLAND

Telephone: Douglas 3632

(ESTB. 1835)

Telegrams: "Stodart, Glasgow."

"GREYS"

The *BIG* CIGARETTE
with the Choice Flavour

Mrs. Christian Davis (to give one of her several names) enlisted in the "GREYS" on the chance of finding her husband! She actually took part in an engagement; was taken prisoner, but exchanged; was dangerously wounded in a duel; at last died as a soldier's wife and was buried with military honours.



1730—THE WOMAN TROOPER

THERE is a subtle satisfaction in smoking a BIG cigarette which a smaller size cannot give. The "GREYS" prove it. Their bigness brings out the virtue of choice Virginia. There's a friendliness in the size of "GREYS." Sow an act and you reap a habit,—try "GREYS" and you add a joy to life.

PIPE SMOKERS should try
the "GREYS" MIXTURE
Now on
Sale, Price 1/- per oz.

Actual dimensions of a "GREYS" Cigarette.

Sold throughout the world, suitably packed for every climate.
MANUFACTURED BY MAJOR DRAPKIN & CO., LONDON.
Branch of The United Kingdom Tobacco Co., Ltd.

○ 20 for 1/5;
50 for 3/6; 100 for 7/-

The famous
pale green box of 20
"GREYS"—greatly reduced.

